

CHINA MAIL

Established 1843

No. 37021

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1958.

Price 30 Cents

DAKS
THE FAMOUS COMPANY
IN ACTION TRUCKS
Whiteaways
HONG KONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

UNION UNREST

The British transport industry is currently facing one of the most grave crises in its history. The central London busmen have already turned down the Industrial Court's award of £8 6d and are standing out for an extra 2s and a shorter week. At the time the busmen refused to abide by the Court's decision it was forecast that a strike by this section of the industry would be doomed to failure, but now that the railway workers have had their request for an increase refused by the Railway Arbitration Tribunal trouble looms high on the transport horizon.

The outcome of the Tribunal's findings was not unexpected and the Union leaders had been threatening to take action unless an award was made in their favour.

Despite the Government's endeavours to hold down wages and thus equate them with the cost of living, both the railwaymen and the busmen are determined to follow a course which can only lead to a rupture in the nation's economy and disruption of the transport services.

Cards On Table

THE cards are now on the table; sides have been taken and it is hard to see a way clear to forestall what appears to be an inevitable clash of opposing forces with the ultimate result that all will be the losers in the long run. At the present moment, the British cost of living is being held fairly steady, but as Lord Hinchinbrooke, an Independent Conservative, states the only thing that can make it rise to crisis point next autumn will be a failure of the Government to stand firm on current wage claims.

Lord Hinchinbrooke also calls on the unions to mend their ways as he suggests that otherwise it might be the end of them. At first sight this implies a threat of totalitarianism, but as this is so far divorced from democracy the implication seems to be that the unions will be destroyed by the rank-and-file rising against their leaders who pursue policies not in keeping with reality. This is not without some substance as the Labour Party leaders in recent weeks warned union heads that they will have to curb their demands in the event of Labour victory at the next general elections.

False Charges Of Smuggling & Counterfeiting

By E. C. ALBERTO

The Philippine Consul-General, Mr Eduardo L. Rosal, today defended Hongkong against unfounded charges made by certain "irresponsible" officials of his government that the Colony is a smuggling and counterfeiting centre.

He told the China Mail he had sent a memorandum to the Philippine Government protesting the false charges which he said had incurred the displeasure of the Hongkong authorities.

A spokesman of the Hongkong Government declined to comment on the charges or on Mr Rosal's statement.

Mr Rosal did not mention the Philippine officials by name.

But he said: "Irresponsible and untrue statements by certain officials of the Philippine customs, internal revenue and investigation agencies damage the good relations between the Philippines and Hongkong which I am duty-bound to promote.

Carry Openly

"They talk about Filipino traders smuggling goods from Hongkong to the Philippines. The traders openly carry their goods into the Philippines aboard ships and planes."

Mr Rosal made these remarks when asked to comment on a recent report from Manila about a Philippine team coming here to investigate "smuggling" by Filipino tourists.

(The team, headed by the Secretary of Public Works, Mr Florencio Moreno, came here

NEW CRISIS IN FRENCH CABINET

Paris, Apr. 11.

Conservatives in Premier Félix Gaillard's coalition Cabinet informed Premier René Coty tonight they would resign if Gaillard failed to take a strong stand against Tunisia.

Informed sources said they were demanding that France take the initiative before the United Nations Security Council to brand Tunisia as "interfering" in the Algerian rebellion. But they did not resign. They have frequently threatened to if Gaillard went "soft" on Tunisia, but if they resigned, he would too.

The five Conservative Ministers spent two hours with Gaillard and two hours with Coty.

Their spokesman, Housing Minister Pierre Garet, told reporters afterward, "So far there has been no rupture."

SITUATION GRAVE

Paris, Apr. 11.

An almost total walkout is expected tomorrow throughout France's coal, iron and potassium mines, labour union officials said today.

The 24-hour "warning strike" to affect about 300,000 miners, will be repeated but for an indefinite period, on April 21, if union claims are not granted, the officials said.

French coal mines are nationalized. The Government fears that any increase in wages would affect the cost of coal and thus will be felt in other sectors of the economy.—France Presse.

FRENCH STRIKE THREAT

Paris, Apr. 11.

An almost total walkout is expected tomorrow throughout France's coal, iron and potassium mines, labour union officials said today.

The 24-hour "warning strike" to affect about 300,000 miners, will be repeated but for an indefinite period, on April 21, if union claims are not granted, the officials said.

French coal mines are nationalized. The Government fears that any increase in wages would affect the cost of coal and thus will be felt in other sectors of the economy.—France Presse.

Spin along with Kenwood

no hanging about with

KENWOOD

sun-dry

no more space problems, no more hanging clothes out to dry.

The sun-dry unit does all you need in your own apartment.

Kenwood

Electrical Appliance Co. Ltd.

100 Gloucester Road, London SW3

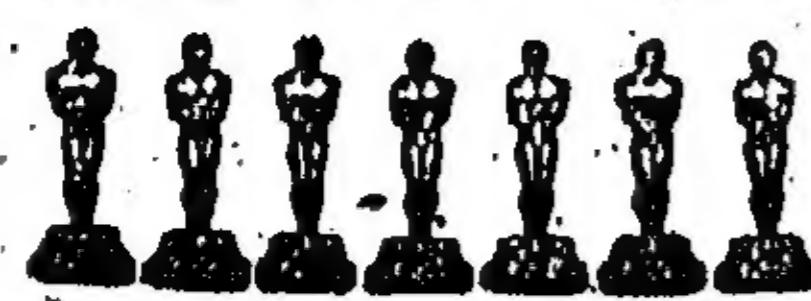
Telephone: BIRKBECK 5-2511

200 Gloucester Road, London SW3</

KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.15, 5.30 & 9.00 p.m. || At 2.30, 6.00 & 9.15 p.m.

3 SHOWS DAILY

WINNER OF 7 ACADEMY AWARDS
BEST PICTURE OF 1957

BRITAIN'S GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ACHIEVEMENT

WILLIAM HOLDEN JACK HAWKINS • ALEC GUINNESS

The Bridge on the River Kwai

BESSE HAYAKAWA JAMES DOWDAN Andre Morel David Niven John Boxer Peter Lorre Harold Goodwin Ann Arbor and interesting CEDRIC MORRIS. Directed by DAVID LEAN CINEMASCOPE

(This picture will not be shown again in H.K. in 1958)

Please note Special Admission Prices:
Logo & Dress Circle: \$4.70, Back Stalls: \$3.50,
Front Stalls: \$2.40

(Complimentary tickets are not valid for this film.)

KING'S
air-conditioned4 SHOWS
TO-MORROW

"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI"

Extra Morning Show At 11.15 a.m.

PRINCESS TO-MORROW SPECIAL MATINEES

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M present

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Variety Programme

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M present

Stewart Granger • Deborah Kerr in

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

HOOVER: LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 78251 KOWLOON TEL 80448 80348

NOW 2nd WEEK 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A PICTURE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!!!

THE HAPPIEST SHOW IN TOWN!
M-G-M presents
DANNY KAYE in MERRY ANDREW
co-starring PIER ANGELI
BACCALONI • NOEL PURCELL
ROBERT COOTE
In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR

SPECIAL MATINEE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1958
Hoover at 12.00 noon
Kamini, Katalai, Sketchar, Fran & Navab in "ANSOO"
Adm: \$3.50, \$2.40 & \$1.50ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
AIR CONDITIONEDTO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
One of the Academy Award
1957 Winner Films!
The Most fantastic true
personal story ever told!TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

JOANNE WOODWARD

The Three Faces Of Eve
JOANNE WOODWARD
CINEMASCOPE IN METROCOLOR

Monday Show to-morrow
at 12.30 P.M.
"TROUBLE IN STORE"

The Three Faces Of Eve
JOANNE WOODWARD
CINEMASCOPE IN METROCOLOR

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
AT 12.30 P.M.
"OK, NERO!"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by ANTHONY FULLER

MR N. T. Chow has written in quite a long letter about my criticism of the film "Sayonara." It is an extremely able criticism of the film in its own right, and although I do not know Mr Chow, I have seen letters of his in the press of the best film papers in the United Kingdom; any point he raises is of considerable importance and ably expressed.

What Mr Chow seems to object to is my calling "Sayonara" an "overemotional" plot. Now I will tell you why I said so. Had I written up my copy while still under the emotional impact of the film, it would have been a devastating attack on all narrow minds and crooked natures that cannot see that all the world is one people.

I would have said all those oligarchy-minded people who cannot see that falling in love is nothing to do with race or colour or any other of those artificial barriers erected by the Lilliputian controllers of our destiny.

But the fact remains, I have to live in a society that will not permit the obvious. And on that account, I cannot blame Western society alone. The Chinese are extremely race-conscious, the Japanese also, and they have erected barriers against the mingling of East and West in marriage.

More's the pity, but that is the situation, and such courageous people who defy the narrow conservative conventions of society have an uneasy time when the first fine flush of romance is over.

Therefore, I must take the situation as it is. The film does exaggerate the type that existed, who full of blind prejudice, destroy the beauty that fine minds discover in the undoubtedly beauty of different races.

Unlike Mr Chow, I found Brando's rather theatrical exit less convincing than Red Buttons. Somehow, I thought, this romance would fizzle when they settled down to the mundane business of housekeeping in the States.

However, Mr Chow makes his points well, and I have taken them as such, but still I think he is under the influence of "Sayonara," and speaks of a world we long for—rather than a world as it is.

ALL the films are running A second week, so that affords us an opportunity of taking a second look at them. First I want to take the case of Colonel Nicholson.



FAST-rising French actress Mylene Demongeot (hailed as the successor to Brigitte Bardot) gnaws a chicken bone in a London restaurant with her husband, 31-year-old photographer Henri Coste. Mylene was in London for the premiere of her film "Bonjour Tristesse." She and Henri were married a month ago.—Express.

Without exaggeration, I have heard more talk about this film than any other I can remember. Colonel Nicholson, as portrayed by Alec Guinness in "The Bridge on the River Kwai," seems to be one of those creations which step right out of the pages of fiction to become a living personality.

It is not beyond the bounds of probability that we shall soon speak of a "Nicholsonish mind" or a "Nicholson manner."

I find people are strongly divided in their opinions as to what would have happened to Colonel Nicholson had he survived the tragedy of the incident of the bridge.

My opinion was asked. The answer I gave was that he would have given a court-martial, and furthermore, had I been a member of such a court, I would have tried to give him all a court could—including a "bowler hat."

The fact of the matter is, Colonel Nicholson lost sight of his objective. People say he maintained the morale of his men. He did, and no one can deny that the qualities he displayed in doing place him as an exceptional man among men.

But at the same time he lost sight of his first objective. He boosted morale, and lost himself in the secondary objective, building a better bridge than the Japanese, to show British superiority.

Should there be any doubt about that, one has only to recall the closing scenes. When he sees the wire leading to the demolition charge, he says something like, "There's something wrong here." What is more, he makes that remark to the Japanese Commandant! In other words, he momentarily identified himself with Japanese interests. To show how complete is this identification, he seeks to thwart the Commandant.

It must be remembered that if that bridge had not been destroyed, it would have taken enemy troops right through the jungle and placed them within striking distance of the British Forces.

Many of the cinema audience lost sight of that fact. Alec Guinness plays the part with such genius that his own absorbed mind is carried right into the audience, and they identify themselves with his state of mind. Which I say again, was the wrong state of mind.

That there were Colonel Nicholsons goes without saying. That men did forget the overall objective and concentrate on such matters as laid down in the cold print of rules and regulations, was only too apparent to the new Army which won the war.

The soldier, as portrayed by Jack Hawkins was the war winner. A fine clear mind, a ruthless determination to get the job done, a quick appreciation of the situation, an imaginative approach that was often lacking in

the regular, made him the kind necessary to carry out the Fabian tactics which wore the enemy down, and softened him up for the kill.

I often met "Colonel Nicholson." He almost drove me mad at times, so that I often wondered whether he thought he'd won some big game played by some set of rules decided upon by himself and the enemy commanders.

I can assure you he would not have survived a court martial, except if medical evidence was forthcoming to prove him of disturbed balance of mind.

TO fully appreciate the tremendous impact of "A Farewell to Arms" we have to recall that the novel was written by Ernest Hemingway over thirty years ago.

Hemingway stayed in Paris with a crowd of young American writers, and they wrote in forceful terms of the life they saw in the midst of Europe's desolation. They were disillusioned. Nothing they had learned in the New World prepared them for the holocaust they found in the old.

Life from being a noble thing,

and man a noble creature, they saw life as it was cruel, ugly,

and man a brutal savage.

It was this factor more than any other that conditioned their writing, and "A Farewell to Arms" with Hemingway's raw, stoic style, punched its way through the senses of the reading public.

The picture is deliberately frank, clinical. In its study of human instincts, and life is presented as something primitive, frightening, and desperately futile.

In this approach, rather than the actual events of the first World War, which I say dates the film, it would have taken great courage to have taken the jungle and placed them within striking distance of the British Forces. Many of the cinema audience lost sight of that fact.

Alec Guinness plays the part with such genius that his own absorbed mind is carried right into the audience, and they identify themselves with his state of mind. Which I say again, was the wrong state of mind.

That there were Colonel Nicholsons goes without saying. That men did forget the overall objective and concentrate on such matters as laid down in the cold print of rules and regulations, was only too apparent to the new Army which won the war.

The soldier, as portrayed by Jack Hawkins was the war winner. A fine clear mind, a ruthless determination to get the job done, a quick appreciation of the situation, an imaginative approach that was often lacking in

SHOWING QUEENS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

A MILLION DOLLAR PRODUCTION

Starring
LIN DAI
Winner of
Best Actress
Award!

Scarlet Doll

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
M-G-M's
COLOUR CARTOONS
AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd SENSATIONAL WEEK

NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY

4 SHOWS TO-DAY & TO-MORROW

Please note special times:

At 12.00 Noon, 3.00, 6.00 & 9.00 P.M.

THE SPECTACLE OF LOVE AND WAR THAT MAKES MOTION PICTURE HISTORY!

DAVID O SELZNICK'S production of ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S
A FAREWELL TO ARMS
ROCK HUDSON • JENNIFER JONES • VITTORIO DE SICA
CINEMASCOPE

Admission Prices: Logo Seats \$4.20; Dress Circle \$3.50, Back Stalls \$3.00, Middle Stalls \$2.40, Front Stalls \$2.00
(Tax Included).

Complimentary Tickets are not valid for this picture

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLIS

2nd GLORIOUS WEEK

NOW SHOWING THE 11th DAY

Please note change of times:

AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

IT'S MORE LIKELY IN PARIS and more lovely in the afternoon!

GARY COOPER
AUDREY HEPBURN
MAURICE CHEVALIER
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON
Directed by BILLY WILDER
Based on the UNITED ARTISTS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLIS: At 11.00 a.m.

UNIVERSAL

Technicolor Cartoons Programme

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLIS: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Starring: LIONEL BARRYMORE & MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

At Reduced Prices

DO YOU KNOW

Who China's God Is?

Come and hear — this interesting subject
Discussed in — "Way of Life" series No. 6
MILTON LEE, BIBLE LECTURER, WILL SPEAK
THIS SUNDAY, APRIL 13TH, AT 6.00 P.M.

PENINSULA HOTEL WEST HALL, FIRST FLOOR.

(Those who attend may have this lecture in printed form)

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Do You Want To Get Away From It All?**BUY AN ISLAND PARADISE!**

NAUGHTY NIGHTIE GIRLS
Dig, Dig, Dig

London.
THE headmaster of £105-a-term St Christopher's School, Letchworth, Herts, doled out punishment to eight girl pupils who made a moonlight flit to London in overcoats and nighties as a joke.

The punishment: laying a new path in the school grounds.

As the girls, aged 13 to 18, toiled with shovels and cinders, the head, 25-year-old Mr Nicholas King Harris, said he was "absolutely furious" about the affair.

The girls tipped out of school after lights out one Wednesday, walked three miles to Hitchin Station, then headed for London on an express.

A ticket collector raised the alarm and the train was stopped at the next station, Stevenage.

But the girls foisted the officials regarding for them.

Gold 18-year-old Ann Churchill of Kensington: "We all hid in one toilet. We did not lock the door, so that when they saw we were 'vacant' they were not surprised and did not look in. We stayed there for the whole journey. It took over an hour."

The girls bluffed their way past a startled ticket collector at King's Cross by speaking French.

But their French was suspected and the police were called. And the girls were sent back to Hitchin on an early morning train.

HIS HOME HAD 16 CATS

London.
FELIX WISNIEWSKI, who spent his £500 savings on a home for 16 stray cats was told last week his cats can stay in their shed in a Nantwich orchard.

The Nantwich urban council considered a committee recommendation that Wisniewski be allowed to keep his cats in a compound he put up without planning permission.

Conditions imposed included no breeding, no stray additions, no milkings and that the matter be reviewed in a year.

The council was read a letter from the Cats Protection League and Taff Waynes Secretary, Isobel A. Stewart, offering to arrange for our nearest representative to make periodic calls to ensure whatever conditions were imposed would be carried out.—United Press.

GIRL WAS SAVED BY A HEAD

Stockholm.
A woman leaning out of a window saved the life of a three-year-old girl here last week.

Mrs Ruth Oest of Björkholmen, a Stockholm suburb, was leaning out of her kitchen window suddenly received a blow on her head.

The blow was caused by three-year-old Lena Bergqvist who had fallen out of a window in the apartment above.

Mrs Oest's head cushioned the fall and Lena hit the ground unharmed. She was rushed to hospital for X-rays.

The only sign needing a doctor's attention was Mrs Oest. She had a slight brain concussion, suffered from

But There Are A Few Hitches To The Dream

By HENRY MACLENNON

If you love peace and quiet and would like to buy a small island to get away from it all, well there are several thousand scattered around the coasts of Italy and many of them are for sale.

Of course there are a few hitches to his dream of possessing an Italian "island paradise."

International Telephone Directory

Paris.
A YOUNG French printer, who once spent two days trying to track down a New York telephone number, today prepared to publish an international telephone directory with more than 400,000 addresses in four languages.

Rene Mollard hopes to sell 100,000 copies of the two-volume directory by subscription at \$5,000 francs (US\$11.80) apiece.

He sold he already has sold out the 6,000 copies of a similar directory he published two years ago and subscription requests are pouring into his Paris office.

With mounting interest in the European Common Market and Free Trade zone projects, his figures he can't go wrong.

Mollard has reserved a stand in the forthcoming Brussels World Fair, where he hopes to attract more subscribers.

Three Sections

The directory is divided into three main sections—by country, profession and alphabetical order. There are more than 4,500 sub-headings covering everything from hotels to doctors' telephone numbers.

At the beginning of the directory an explanatory section gives the key to the different headings, in French, German, English and Spanish.

There also is a special section in Chinese and Japanese for Far East.

Mollard plans to keep the directory up to date by sending out new listings to subscribers every year until 1960. Then, a new edition will come out every year, he said.—United Press.

Sues For Stealing Her Husband

London.
A 50-year-old wife sued a 34-year-old legless woman for damages for stealing Mrs Weston's husband, Alan. The case went for trial in a higher court.

Mrs Weston has been confined to a wheelchair for the 12 years since she was involved in a railroad accident which necessitated the amputation of both her legs.—United Press.

Boots Galore And No One To Wear Them

London.
Britain's Army has enough boots in its cupboard to shoe another two armies, the Government Auditor-General charged last week.

Sir Frank Tribe, Government Auditor-General and Comptroller said in his report on the Army's finances that 1,250,000 pairs of shiny new boots are currently sitting in storehouses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when they were bought.

The War Office placed the original order in 1955.

And when the Army's strength was cut com-

manded the original order because to cancel

it would cost too much money in compensation to the makers.

There's no likelihood of the Army ever using the boots, Tribe reported. A new design comes into use this year.

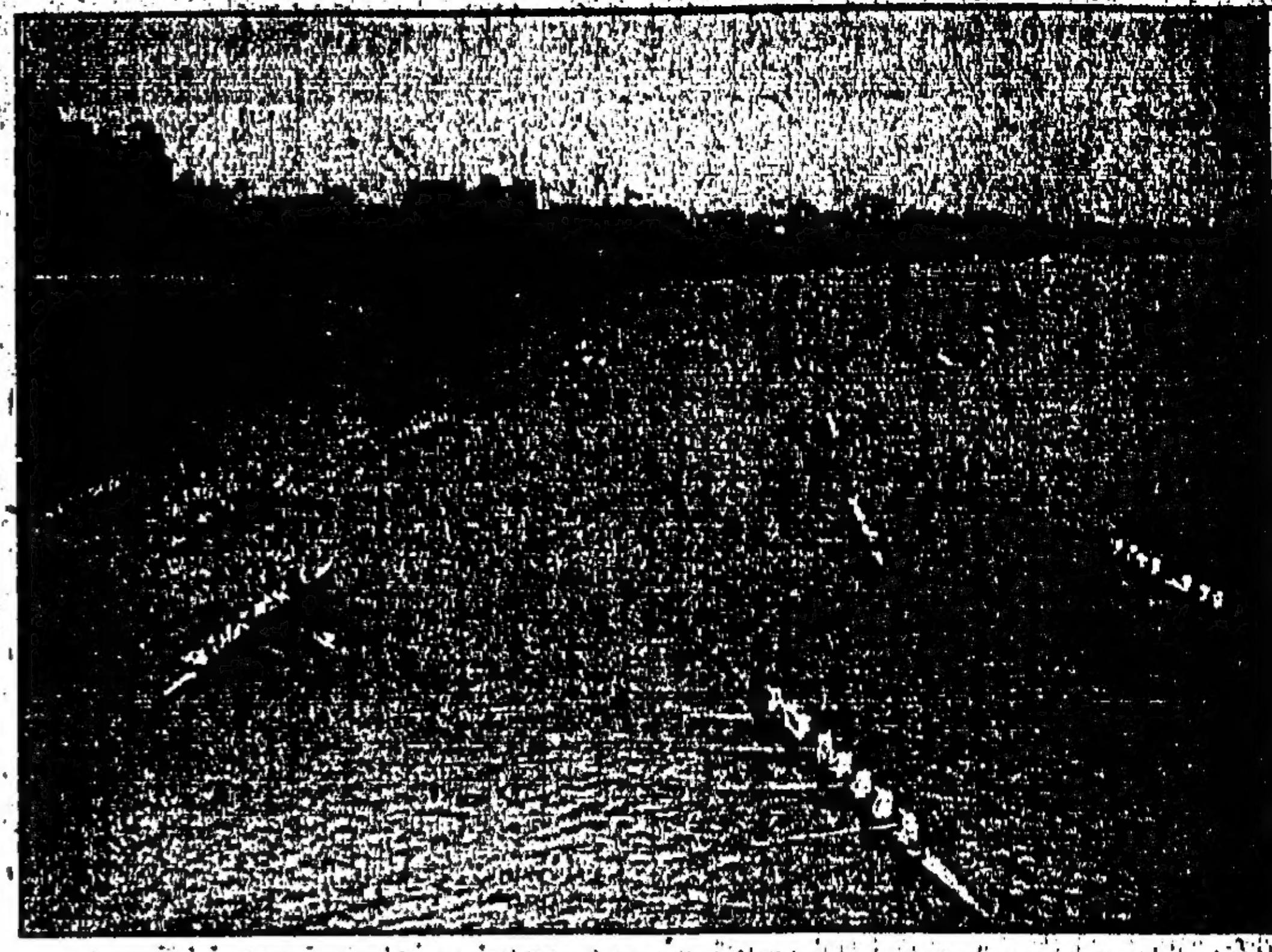
The boots are currently sitting in store-

houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to

wear them when

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Barn Cottage came "Head of the River" when a total of 290 rowing clubs along the Thames competed in the annual London race.



TOP LEFT: The Ubiquitous Hunters' Steeplechase at Sandown Park.

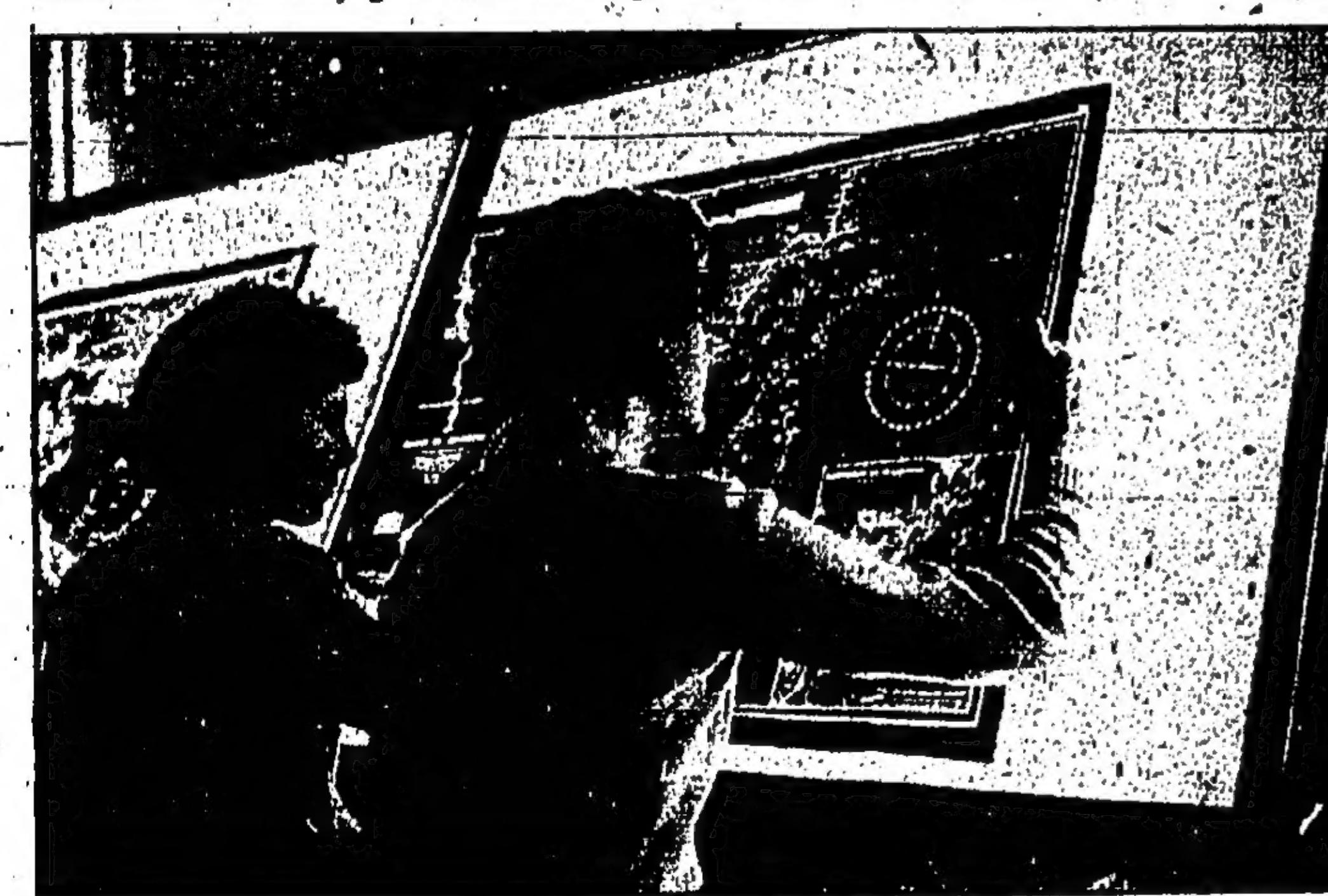
RIGHT: Marquess of Londonderry (publicly spanked by his grandmother for criticising the Queen) gets engaged to lost-of-the-Debs, Nicolette Harrison (17).

LEFT: One of the Duke of Bedford's prize-winning Jersey herd was guest at a London cocktail reception to plan the Dairy Festival in June.

BETWEEN: Some of the 12 British debutantes chosen by Paris fashion-designer Pierre Cardin for the annual Berkely Dress Show. Express

ABOVE: British miner and his wife, Mr and Mrs Thomas Tiley of Co Durham collect from Tommy Trinder world-record winnings on a football pool... £209,079 for a tuppenny bet. Express Times

BELOW: Admiralty girls at work on glass plates of sea charts.



Jean Wilson (15), Catherine Lyon (17) and Wendy Helliwell (15) have a cold walk before competing in the Survey Hard Court Tennis Championships at Roehampton.

LEFT: Four days before Mrs Shirley Howard (22) gave birth to her own baby she jumped into a Cardiff dock to save five-year-old Luigi Varas. Here Luigi off to say "thank you." Express



By Ernie Bushmillier



WITH 100 WONDERFUL CALORIES

ROUND-UP

FROM RAGS TO RICHES:

Imminent

New York.
AMERICAN doctors are on the verge of two sensational discoveries that could provide vaccines against cancer and tuberculosis.

The "successful vaccine" against T.B. may be developed "within a few months," said Dr Justin Andrew, an official of the United States Public Health Service.

He added: "Its sponsors are very enthusiastic about it and are very reliable people."

The vaccine, he told a Congressional Committee, was made from an extract obtained when T.B. germs were bathed in wood alcohol. It has yet to be tried on humans, but animal tests have yielded "most promising" results.

Dr John R. Holler, director of the National Cancer Institute, said one of the "major breakthroughs" might produce a vaccine against cancer.

He said: "The year which has passed since I last appeared before this committee has been productive and rewarding. Progress is being made on so many fronts that many of us feel we may be nearing a number of major breakthroughs in our knowledge of these diseases we call cancer."

"The search for the relationship between viruses and cancer has netted all the elements of a good detective story."

He was particularly optimistic in telling of one experiment on animals which, for the first time, malignant growths have been produced by a substance having virus-like qualities.

"If we were able to achieve similar results with materials extracted from human tumours—and if this material should prove to be a virus—he will indeed have made a major breakthrough," he said.

"If it should be thus established that certain forms of human cancer are viral in origin, it might then be possible to immunise man against the disease."

Agitator

Lisbon.
DR Salazar's most vocal but unseen critic, wife aimed his "defamatory attacks" on the Portuguese Government through prison bars, was sentenced this week to another sixteen years in jail.

Much-tried Henrique Galvao, 62, novelist, playwright, pamphleteer and political prisoner, in the former Army captain, deputy and colonial administrator who was convicted of treason by a military court in March, 1953.

His sentence then, for plotting a revolutionary movement against the organisation of the State, was three years' hard labour and fifteen years' suspension of civil rights.

Galvao carried on his opposition to the Salazar Government from behind prison bars.

Because of ill-health, he did not appear at any of the six secret hearings of the trial that ended this week. But under Portuguese law the verdict had to be delivered in public.

Dr Abel Neves, one of Galvao's three associates charged with distributing his subversive writings, was given three years' imprisonment.

New Softies

Ottawa.
TELEVISION is producing a new race of "North American softies—soft in the muscles and soft in the head."

Professor C. H. McCloy, leading United States physical educationist, told Ottawa reporters that these television softies were in such dreadful physical shape that they were incapable taking exercises only in bed.

Professor McCloy, one of the top planners of the physical fitness programme of the United States armed forces, reported that his University of Iowa office was preparing a set of personal "wake up" exercises for the "chronically television tired" that could be done in bed.

Head of the Iowa State University Physical Education Faculty, Professor McCloy said television has done more to damage hearts, livers, kidneys and stomachs than any hard work ever did.

Television is dangerous to the physical and mental fitness of the race," he said.

North Americans under its suffocating influence had "gone to pot, not only physically but mentally."

He added: "A great many senior business men have retired intellectually in their leisure time under television's spell."

FORTY TIMES
A MILLIONAIRE

by John Cottrell

A SHORT, tubby, vital woman of 75, with the face of a peasant sits in her New York penthouse looking at her latest acquisition, a rare and valuable painting.

She has a villa in the South of France, flats in Paris and Rio. The picture-gallery in her New York home alone houses over a million dollars worth of art.

Her name is Helena Rubinstein, and she owns all these treasure-houses because she has sold to women everywhere the scientific approach to beauty, and spends all the time she can in her New York laboratories.

Her life is dedicated to beauty. With the millions she makes selling transitory beauty in the shape of cosmetics, she buys permanent beauty in the form of pictures. Understandably the buying and the selling give her equal satisfaction.

Miss Rubinstein's vast cosmetics empire is believed to have netted her more than £40,000,000. Her cautious upbringing is probably responsible for the fact that most of it is invested in property, works of art and jewels. For these, as she says, are things you can see and handle—not just figures in bank statements.

The Rubinstein fortune was founded on a jar of face-cream. A jar she took with her to Australia when she was ten years old at the age of 18, from her home in Cracow, Poland.

Helena had had an unhappy love affair—one she refuses to talk about, even to this day—and her father sent her to stay with her Uncle Silberfeld, a farmer in Queensland. But life in the Australian outback was too boring for the Polish girl. She missed the company of her seven younger sisters and the bustle of a big town. So off she went to lively Brisbane, to be a children's governess.

Cinderella of the household

In the 1890's a governess was little more than an unpaid drudge, a Cinderella of the household, and young Helena found that she had no money to spend on pretty dresses.

All the same, she was noticed everywhere she went because of her fine skin.

Among the dry, sun-scorched complexions of the women of Brisbane, Miss Rubinstein's fresh smooth skin stood out like a flower in the desert.

"How do you manage it?" asked her employer.

"With a cream I got from my doctor at home," said the Pole modestly.

That cream was the startling point of a new career for the young governess, and it still figures, like a lucky talisman, in the vast list of Helena-Rubinstein cosmetics today. She herself carries a jar of it with her wherever she goes.

"I would rather be without food than my own special cream," she says.

In the 1950's, after many years of research, she launched a new, best-selling cosmetic line—powder and lipstick made from a special base of powdered silk.

Women flock to her salons the world over for slimming, rejuvenating treatment. But the 75-year-old head of the business confesses she does not obey all the beauty rules she makes for her customers.

She admits she is too plump for her height—4 ft. 10 ins., "I work," she says, "and when you work you must eat."

What the multimillionaire most likes to eat is, surprisingly, tripe.

Miss Rubinstein's collection of fabulous jewellery is the subject of comment wherever she goes, because she is usually wearing many thousands of pounds worth at a time.

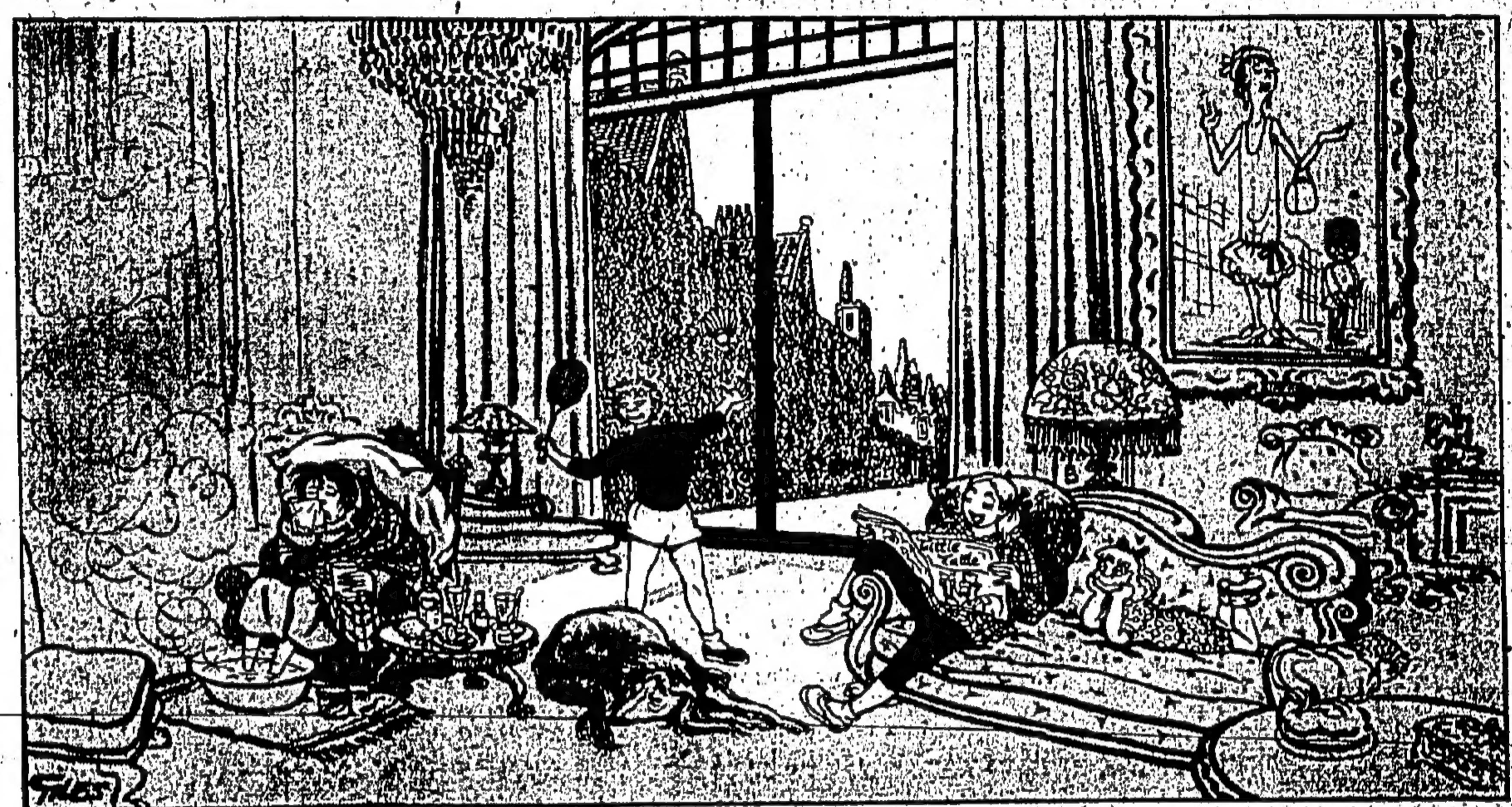
She once admitted to a friend that she kept a fine collection of unset jewels under her bed, in an old Gladstone bag.

In the bag was a pair of Victorian stays, and inside them, attached to the tapes, huge un-

cut diamonds and emeralds worth hundreds of thousands or pounds. Helena liked to take them out from time to time, to look at them.

Her fortune was founded on one jar of cream.

A famous portrait of Helena Rubinstein by Graham Sutherland shows her wearing over-a-Balenciaga dress several rows of



"Lady Penelope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Bonewit, was among the last of the Debs to be presented this week. Despite the bitter wind she wore her latest sleeveless, backless, daring design from Paris...."

1926-1958

For 32 years the best waterproof watch
in the world

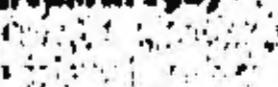
Rolex celebrate the 32nd anniversary of the Oyster case.

In 1926 Rolex invented the Oyster case, the world's first truly waterproof watch case. To the trade at the time it seemed a joke, a "gimmick" that had nothing to do with timekeeping. But Mr. Wilsdorf, the chairman of Rolex, and his colleagues at Rolex knew that it was a revolution.

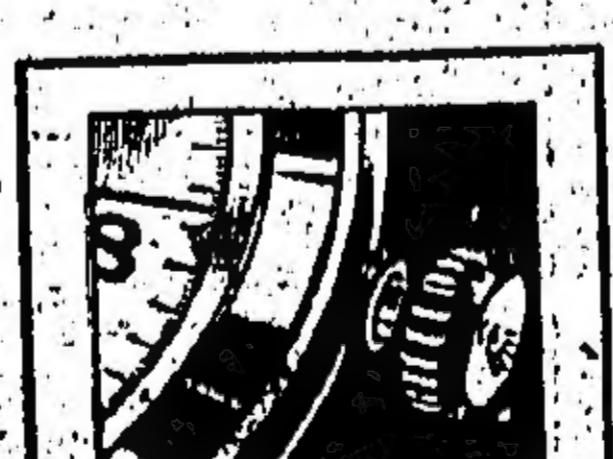
For the point of the waterproof watch is protection, not just against water, but against dust, sand, grit, and all other elements that can damage the movement and clog the vital oil.

The Oyster has come a long way since Mercedes Gleizer made world headlines in 1927 by swimming the English Channel with an Oyster on her wrist.

Perhaps even Mr. Wilsdorf did not dream in 1927



ROLLEX
A landmark in the history of Time measurement



To be truly waterproof a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX is the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety twistlock crown.



**THE NEW
GENERAL
DUAL 90**

NYLON CORD
HI-DENSITY RUBBER

gives you
DUAL-TREAD SAFETY
DUAL-TREAD MILEAGE



See This Famous
DUAL-SAFETY TYRE

TO-DAY!

Sole Agents:
**THE HONGKONG
TYRE CO.**
25 Morrison Hill Rd.,
Hong Kong. Tel. 72455.
39 Tonkin Street,
Shamshipo
Tel. 37432
1-Chi Wo Street
(Opposite Kowloon Magistracy)
Tel. 68382



Sole Agents: DOB WELL & CO. LTD.

» Bayer's TONIC



Sound Engineer...

and make a radio production yourself. Musical performances and announcements can all be recorded quite easily with stereo quality. No technical knowledge is required. You use the new BELL & HOWELL EL 5311 Magnetic Tape Recorder. Price HK\$150.00.

Ask for complete information.

At any leading
Radio Dealer

EL 5311



JOHN EPPLER
SOLD OUT

Concluding CAT AND MOUSE: The fantastic final twist to the undercover war of spy and counter-spy

Rommel is fooled—by his own secret code

General Rommel did not know that his spies in Cairo had been captured. Their secret radio was still on the air...with a British officer sending "planted" information in the crucial pre-Alamein days.

It was the morning conference at Rommel's battle headquarters in the Western Desert, and what was on the schedule was a fateful decision.

Outside the field-marshall's tent, hidden in wadis under camouflage nets, the soldiers of the Afrikakorps waited beside their tanks for the order to advance. It was to be the final attack this time—the attack that would sweep the Eighth Army out of Egypt and plant the Nazi flag on the Nile.

"The question to be decided," Rommel told his assembled generals, "is where we hit them—and when. How much time have we got before the British are ready?"

Hand shook

THERE was an interruption as a junior officer came into the tent, gave the Nazi salute, and then went across to the general in charge of signals. He handed over a message pad, his hand shaking with excitement.

Rommel looked across testily. "What is it? Why are you disturbing us?" he asked, irritably.

In answer, the general handed across the message. He too looked tense and excited now. "I think he was right to come in, Herr Feldmarschall," he said. "It is a message from Eppler."

Rommel took the message pad and began to read, and suddenly he began to smile.

"CONDOR CALLING, CONDOR CALLING," the message began. "HAVE CONFIRMED MESSAGE FROM EIGHTH ARMY PLAN MAKE FINAL STAND IN BATTLE FOR EGYPT AT ALAM HALFA. THEY ARE STILL AWAITING REINFORCEMENTS AND NOT YET READY FOR MORE THAN MAKESHIFT DEFENCE. FOLLOWING REINFORCEMENTS HAVE ARRIVED PORT SAID BUT WILL NOT BE MOVING DESERTWARDS FOR MONTH."

Then followed a list of newly arrived British and South African units.

Rommel slapped his thigh. "John Eppler again! Myself Herren, our spy in Cairo is the greatest hero of them all."

He turned to his staff officer, and now his face was slight. "We will attack in 48 hours' time," he said, "and we will attack at Alamein. Now leave me please, while I write my Order of the Day."

Congratulations!

As the general, all of them now, marched from the tent, Rommel called out to the signals commander, "Send back my warmest congratulations to Eppler," he said, "and tell him I am recommending the Fuehrer to award him our highest decoration for his skill, courage, and persistence."

It was a decoration John Eppler was never to receive.

For that message from Condor—which tricked Rommel into attacking us at Alamein, his commando, Mortimer, was recovering from a solo attempt in the prison hospital.

Eppler himself was in a prison cell at the interrogation centre at Alamein, near Cairo. His comrade, Mortimer, was recovering from a solo attempt in the prison hospital.

And a British signals officer, keeping Eppler's rendezvous with the Abwehr listening post in Athens, using Eppler's radio and Eppler's code, was beginning the game of Cat and Mouse that was to confuse, baffle, and fool the Afrikakorps and play a vital part in winning for Britain the all-important Battle of Alamein.

Eppler, which he moved in, while the experts held Eppler, to make the injection.

by
**LEONARD
MOSLEY**

But we got the code only just in time.

At 20 minutes before midnight, when the Nazi listening post was due to make contact with the spy, we still did not know the secret of it.

At his house in Cairo's civilian counter-espionage agent, Robby, was still wrestling with his copy of Daphne du Maurier's novel, *Rebecca*, which Eppler had been using as his code manual.

In the European goal in Cairo, interrogating officers were taking the dancer, Helmut Fathmy, over her testimony again and again, probing for the vital clue.

In the military goal of the Egyptian Army more officers were grilling Lieutenant Sadaat, the young Egyptian Army officer (now a member of Nasser's Cabinet) who had been working with the spies.

On Eppler himself the screws were being tightly turned to make him talk—and make him talk quickly.

And, just in time, we got the code and put the first message over. The Germans were hooked. Now we could start the game of tricking them.

Who talked?

WHICH of the captives—Eppler, Mortimer, Fathmy, Sadaat—had talked?

Now no one, I am sure, is naive enough to believe that a spy gets gentle treatment when he is caught. He may be a hero to his own country, but to the enemy he is beyond the law.

In my experience no German spy we caught was ever physically tortured. But Eppler's activities had put the British Army in Egypt in mortal danger at a critical moment in the war.

For such a spy there was only one end—death before a firing squad. But first, before we shot him, we wanted to reap for ourselves some dividends from the undercover work in which he had been engaged.

Eppler says that only once was violence used upon him, when our real line of fire was broken. He was taken to the brutal officer and told to roll up his sleeve. The doctor took up a spring.

"Don't take any notice of that chap," the officer would say. "He's a bit perverse. His mother was killed by one of your bombs. Have a cigarette, old boy, and how about a cup of tea?"

And after he had been captured at the interrogation centre at Alamein, near Cairo, his comrade, Mortimer, was recovering from a solo attempt in the prison hospital.

Eppler himself was in a prison cell at the interrogation centre at Alamein, near Cairo. His comrade, Mortimer, was recovering from a solo attempt in the prison hospital.

And a British signals officer,

keeping Eppler's rendezvous

with the Abwehr listening post

in Athens, using Eppler's radio

and Eppler's code, was begin-

ning the game of Cat and Mouse

that was to confuse, baffle, and fool the Afrikakorps and play a vital part in winning for Britain the all-important Battle of Alamein.



"Leave him alone," said the officer, "we're not the Gestapo..."

According to Eppler himself, he actually was drugged on this occasion and questioned about himself, his work, his code, his contacts. But my information is that the syringe never went in.

For at that moment the door of the operating room burst open and a couple of British officers came in. "Leave him alone, you swine!" they said to the doctor. "What do you think this is—the Gestapo?"

And loosening Eppler they led him back to his cell, apologising for the man's behaviour. Eppler, not quite knowing what to believe, hungry and distraught, believed it all genuine.

"How could they be so nice when the other was such a beast?" he said. "He acted just like the Gestapo."

Did this macabre but necessary game of bluff succeed?

Sadaat insists that it was Eppler who gave the whole thing away.

The British interrogated the Germans for 24 hours," he says, "but they refused to talk. It happened that Winston Churchill was passing through Cairo at this time, and he said he would like to interrogate the spies himself. Brought before Churchill, the spies at first persisted in their silence—but when the Prime Minister promised that their lives would be spared, they talked."

And Sadaat added scornfully: "It was not even the British themselves who had captured them, but they had been betrayed by two amiable Jewesses. These ladies of doubtful virtue had been promised £200 for their services. What matter if they got it from the young Nazis or from the British Intelligence Service?"

But the ways of Military Intelligence are mysterious and devious—and just how we cracked the Eppler code and went into business with the Nazis is the only secret of this story which I am pledged not to tell. You must make your own guess about it. I can only say that, thanks to persistence, ingenuity, and dedicated effort, we got it in the end.

He died believing that John Eppler was not only the greatest—

—which he was—but also the most successful spy of them all, which he was not.

And that, though not the end of his life, is really the end of the story of John Eppler. Of all the German spies captured during the war, he and Mortimer were the only two not to be executed.

"CONDOR CALLING, CONDOR CALLING," a British signals officer tapped out. "I HAVE INFORMATION FOR YOU."

"CALLING CONDOR, CALLING CONDOR," replied Athens.

"WE ARE LISTENING."

Detailed, false

AND the Nazi listening-post in Athens tuned in and

themselves who had captured them, but they had been betrayed by two amiable Jewesses. These ladies of doubtful virtue had been promised £200 for their services. What matter if they got it from the young Nazis or from the British Intelligence Service?"

But the ways of Military Intelligence are mysterious and devious—and just how we cracked the Eppler code and went into business with the Nazis is the only secret of this story which I am pledged not to tell. You must make your own guess about it. I can only say that, thanks to persistence, ingenuity, and dedicated effort, we got it in the end.

He died believing that John Eppler was not only the greatest—

—which he was—but also the most successful spy of them all, which he was not.

And that, though not the end of his life, is really the end of the story of John Eppler. Of all the German spies captured during the war, he and Mortimer were the only two not to be executed.

Monkster recovered from his wounds and was, like Eppler, sent back to Germany. He now lives in Dar-es-Salaam in East Africa.

Sadaat escaped from prison camp, rose to be Minister in Nasser's Cabinet, and had the satisfaction of turning the tables on Major Alfred Samsom, the counter-espionage agent who arrested him and Eppler, by arresting Samsom when Nasser came into power.

The lovely Helmut Fathmy was released after a year in gaol and now lives in Cairo, too plump, I am afraid, to intoxicate the senses with the rhythmic sway of her once-supple body.

THE END

Monkster recovered from his

wounds and was, like Eppler,

sent back to Germany. He now

lives in Dar-es-Salaam in East

Africa.

Well, when the Germans

through the papers of the dead

officer in the scout car, "they found his name-tag.

It was the same Major Smith."

He had found one way of evening up the score.

THE END

This series has been adapted

from "The Cat and the Mouse," to

be published by Arthur Barker.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Les Falk and Phil Davis

**SPUD TWO SQUAD
GARF POW LEAT ONCE
ROG GUNS, TEARGAS, THE
WORKS! WE'VE FOUND
THE 'PROTECTION'
RACKET MOBT**

**THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST,
MOST VIO暴ous CROWD
I'VE BEEN IN AGES.
TODAY'S A HOT DAY,
NOTHING COLD-BLOODED CRUE—**

**—AND THEY'E GOT THAT WE
JUST GOT WHERE
THE MONEY—BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!**

**IT'S A QUESTION OF
WHO'S GOT WHO?**

CONTINUED

**JOHNNY, YOU TAKE
UP GUARD ON SHELTERED
SIDE OF PLANE... AWAIT
MY SIGNAL... THEN ACT!**

**IF YOU PLEASE, THIS
HARDEST GENERAL TAU
FEI AND I WILL REACT
TO YOUR PLANE...**

**YOU'LL NEVER
FORCE ME TO
PROVOCATE
PROVOCATE
MAJOR HOT GUM!**

**FORCE IS NOT NECESSARY,
YOUNG LADY! YOUR MERE
PRESENCE NEXT TO YOUR
CAPTURED SABROUT WHEN
THE FOXCON PRESS ARRIVES...
GARRY PHOTOS, AND IT IS
POWELL**

**AUSTIN!
THE CAR
for your
HOME LEAVE**

METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.



"As I see it—a vista of lawn sweeping away to a delicate Japanese rocker, set on top of massive chrysanthemums."

"It's good to be out in the fresh air on a day like this."

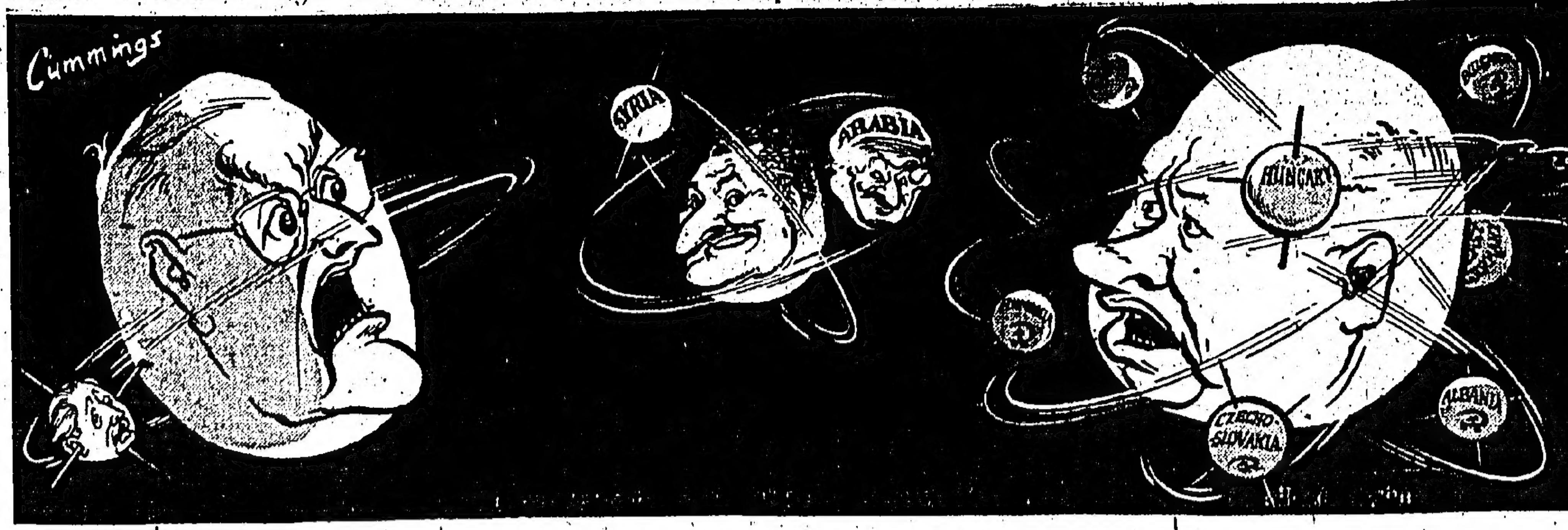
"There DAMN roots!"

"Well, you're enjoying yourself, why shouldn't I?"

"Put an ad in the paper—Wanted, part-time gardener."

**There's More than Magic in
FRY'S 4 FAVOURITES**

They are Delicious.



"Ouch—but Nasser was supposed to satellite round me..."



522 R.G.12

A survivor of the Titanic disaster, Commander J.G. Boxhall, who was fourth officer on board the Titanic the night it sank. He is seen here advising Kenneth More who is taking part in the Rank film now being made of the Titanic. Courtesy J. Arthur Rank.

AT this very moment, forty-six years ago, the Titanic was speeding across the Atlantic to keep a rendezvous with death. At the same moment, an iceberg which had been lurking off the coast of Newfoundland, began to move South.

On Sunday evening, the fourteenth of April, the iceberg had pinpointed its position with mathematical accuracy, and waited for the unsinkable Titanic to take up the challenge.

At the eleventh second of the eleventh minute, of the eleventh hour, the Titanic refused the head-on encounter, and swing to port. She seemed to have avoided combat, but from under the black oily sea, the iceberg reached a fang, sharpened by centuries of icy fury.

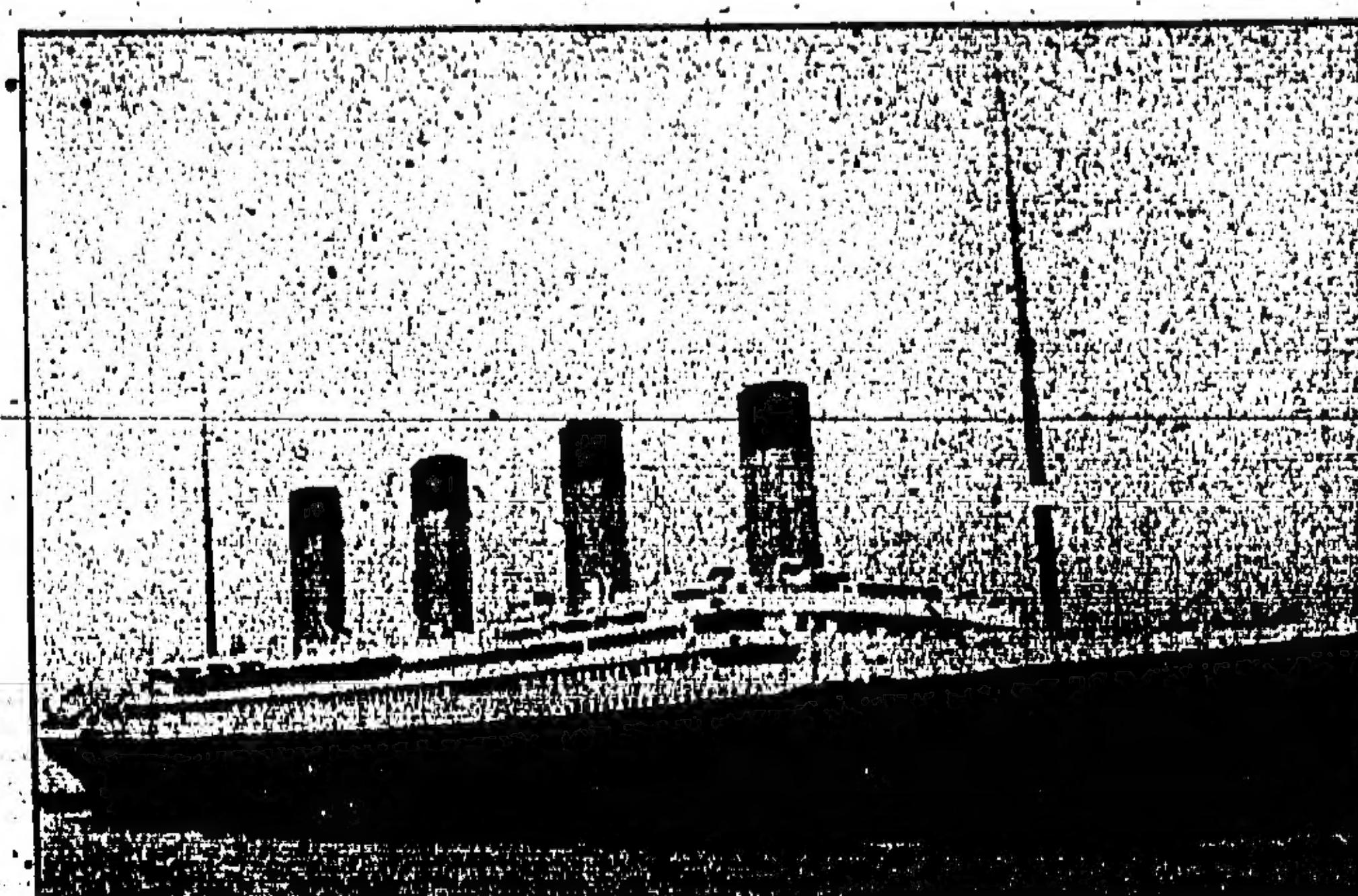
The iceberg ripped the ship's belly open, and left her naked to the sea. For three hours, the Titanic lay mortally wounded, then, with a gasp of despair, she plunged to the bottom of the Atlantic where she will lie until the sea gives up its dead.

Palace

The Titanic, built at Belfast at the shipyards of Harland and Wolff, was the arrogant symbol of a materialistic age that would endure forever. Everywhere was man-triumphant. During the past century he had removed mountains, changed the course of rivers, spanned whole continents with his railways, and driven back the sea from his lands.

The heavens were black with the smoke of his chimneys as his factories spewed out wealth that would never cease. Nature had at last bent her knee, and surrendered to man who had experienced the humiliation of man's arrogant encounter, for he hurled his machines and rode the fleecy clouds with ever increasing confidence.

So came the unsinkable ship. The arrogant aristocrat of the new wealth were unwilling to



The Titanic. This photograph was taken in Southampton Water on the ill-fated ship's last voyage to New York, April 10, 1912. Courtesy J. Arthur Rank.

TITANIC

prey to the ice sea fury
symbol of a conquering age
ANTHONY FULLER

The actual encounter with the iceberg seemed very slight. Scarcely any were aware of it. A slight jar at the most. No one took any notice. An inspection revealed that the ship was ripped through watertight compartment after compartment. Nothing could save her.

It was the very mystic nature of the Titanic's death that captured public imagination. One colossal iceberg with a treacherous underwater foot had placed herself in the exact spot where she could murder the ship.

The following Sunday memorial services were held in churches all over the world. Newspapers were published with heavy black borders like old fashioned memorial cards.

Clergymen spoke with sympathy of the dead but one week confined in the huge ship now resting at the bottom of the Atlantic. But many spoke of arrogant pride and used as a text the words of scripture that say "Go to, let us build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven." And so it was that at the apex of a rational age, the common people spoke of divine intervention, of the wrath of God visited upon arrogant mankind. In spite of everything—searching enquiries, eyewitness reports and the like, the mystery of the whole affair has never been cleared up. The question is why did Captain Smith, the master of the Titanic, proceed on his course after the ship had received so many ice warnings on the new fangled wireless?

We know that J. Bruce Ismay was on the ship. He was President of the White Star Line. The White Star Line badly needed the Blue Ribbon for the fastest Atlantic crossing. Did such an experienced commander as Captain Smith allow himself to be overruled by a land lubber?

We know that First Officer Murdoch, an ambitious man,

was on the bridge at the moment of collision with the iceberg. There is rumour that during a scene between Ismay and Captain Smith on the question of the Titanic altering course, the ambitious Murdoch sided with Ismay against Smith. We shall never know for certain, for although Ismay was rescued, he never spoke of the disaster. Captain Smith and Murdoch went down with the ship. That Ismay did interfere in the ship's affairs is without doubt, and perhaps the bravest words spoken to him were by a junior officer who told him to "get to hell out of it," when Ismay tried to give instructions about launching a life boat.

S.O.S.

Once the ship was doomed, everything went wrong. All that Sunday, the wireless operators had been busy sending trivoulo messages for the passengers who wanted to play with the new fangled thing.

Just after midnight, the operators were told to tap out the letters, CQD, the international distress call of that time.

A few miles away, the wireless operator on the Californian had taken off his earphones. He had sent the Titanic an ice warning, now he was tired, so he went to bed. The Californian could have picked up the passengers from the Titanic, but the Californian's wireless officer was tired, so he never heard the Titanic's CQD, nor the later SOS.

About half-past-twelve early Monday morning, the Carpathia received the CQD and turned back to aid the Titanic. The Carpathia was sixty miles away.

A now call-sign had been decided upon just before the Titanic sailed, the easy—SOS. This call was sent out. On the horizon could be seen the lights of another ship. It was the Californian. It was the Titanic's only hope.

An hour and a half before she foundered, the Titanic sent up a burst of rockets. They were seen by members of the Californian's crew. They wondered what next this super monster of the deep would do. Did the passengers of the Titanic never sleep? Fancy firing rockets at one o'clock in the morning!

So, while the Carpathia raced through the night, and the Californian lumbered a few miles away, the unsinkable Titanic began to go down. At first, there was no panic. Everyone on board knew they travelled on the unsinkable ship, but as the water began to creep across the decks, the order to get into the boats was obeyed.

There were insufficient boats. Only about one-third of the passengers could be accommodated, and not all of them had gone, having more faith in the claims made for the ship than the evidence around them. Just after 2 a.m., it was at last apparent to all on the ship that they would sink. The thought of survival in that dark, icy water was out of the question. In

the distance, the iceberg glowed and stalked in the gloom, watching her victim, and waiting to wander off in the dawn so that she was never really identified.

As the water washed the deck, the passengers clustered together. Up till now they had been listening to the band, while some had been praying, others murmuring, but in the main, hope triumphed over despair.

Then as light after light went out, and they were left to the mercy of the ice-bound sea, the bandmaster tapped his baton on his music stand.

The band ceased playing its cheery jazz numbers and broke into the hymn tune, "Autumn," not "Nearer My God To Thee," as popular legend has it.

"The band was playing as the ship went down, "Nearer my God To Thee. They came to save their lives, Over the ice-bound sea."

I quote the lines from memory, for I heard them sing at a performance of the first Titanic film at a London cinema.

The world refused to believe that the ship had sunk. The first newspaper reports gave it that there had been a mishap, but all the passengers were saved. Then as the full extent of the disaster became known, the whole world stopped work and wondered, and prayed.

I am told by people who remember the event, that it marked the end of an era of security and an over-confident belief in material progress. From then on, disaster after disaster overwhelmed the age. Two years later began the universal slaughter that men call the first World War.

The writer would like to express his thanks to Mr George Rearden of the Rank Organisation, and the research department of J. Arthur Rank, who supplied him with the data and pictures for this article. J. Arthur Rank's are making a film of the Titanic, the biggest ever to emerge from Rank's studios, based on Mr Walter Lord's fact-finding book, "A Night To Remember."

For reservations, call your travel agent or Alexandra House, Phone 37031, Hong Kong.

THIS is the G



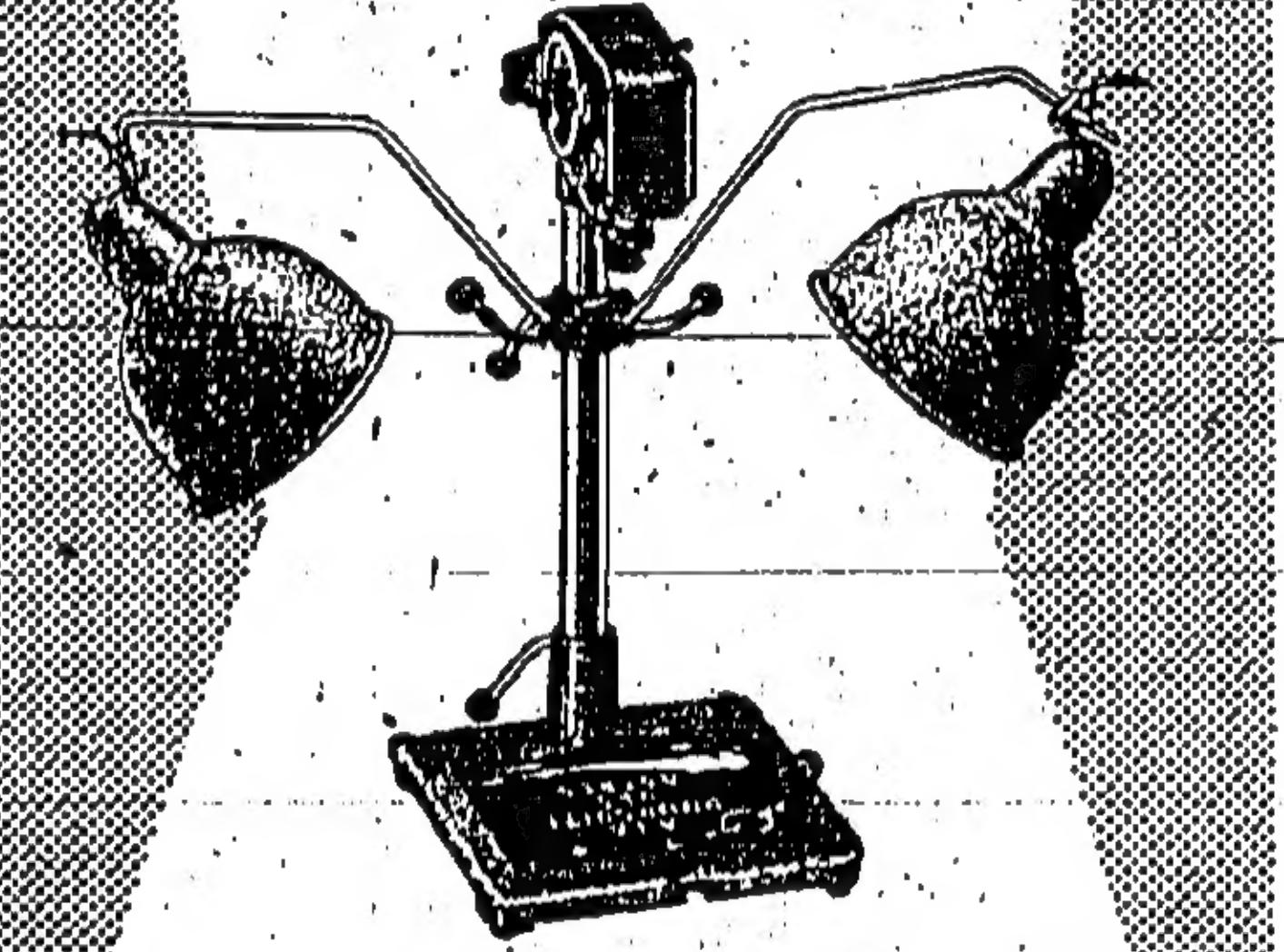
Quality Incomparable
Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Sole Distributor: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED

Use the 8 mm

MOVIE TITLER

To add titles to your films....
they'll be sensational!



Sole Agent: J. H. TRACHSLER (H.K.) LTD.

404-406 BANK OF CHINA BLOCK, SWF PH. 52340 - 52722



Fly to JAPAN for Cherry Blossom Time

5 FLIGHTS WEEKLY BY SUPER-6 CLIPPERS®
Cherry Blossom Time starts in early April and continues until early May. So make reservations now to fly to Tokyo on the world's most experienced airline, Choice of thrifty Rainbow service or do luxe President service.

For reservations, call your travel agent or Alexandra House, Phone 37031, Hong Kong.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS, INC.

Trade-Mark, Pan American World Airways, Inc., registered in State of New York, U.S.A., with United States

TELEVISION

FOR
TELEPHONE: 77-2021

LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

By JOHN LUFT

I AM looking at my Exit Permit now. It is an unprepossessing document, just a bit of paper folded down the middle and over printed with some Chinese characters which themselves ask so little about me. My name, my age, and my passport number, and one other, my sex. Inside is a photograph of my somewhat younger self, specially taken for the occasion. I am smiling. By the time I had visited the various offices to obtain this Exit Permit, they had wiped that smile right off my face.

There are twelve chops on the document, which means to say I had to pay twelve separate visits to twelve separate authorities in connection with this one document. Add to that number the visits to the Health Authorities, travel agents, and all the usual business connected with a considerable journey, and you will have some idea of what getting out of China meant. Never could a scrap of paper have been so hard to obtain.

From beginning to end, not one word of English was spoken. The men we saw could speak English all right, but they would not. Fair enough, Chinese is the language of China, but the person who had lived there so long, and could not make himself understood was to say the least, made to feel uncomfortable. The drill was to take along your servant, a man who was, nevertheless, something of a linguist. I got my form, and the only bit of English writing on it is opposite the signature provided to denote "Foreign name."

Rea

So in April, 1950, I set out for the town in pursuit of this Exit Permit. Application was fairly easy. I was asked why I wanted to leave China, and gave the excuse we were all giving, no work. I was then given certain forms to fill up which gave a fairly detailed report of the length of time I had been in China, and all that I had done there. These forms had to be returned to the Exit Permit Authorities with the chop of my guarantor. This latter presented a causal sort of way. Sometimes I would drift into his shop, and we would talk about flowers and flower arrangement. He had no difficulty, for one of the largest British concerns in Shanghai were prepared to state that John Luft was a good citizen, so thus sponsored, I returned my forms to the Chinese Exit Permit Authorities. They in turn as quickly returned them, and told me my sponsor

required as a guarantor. So I went to see him. I explained my difficulty, and he was immediately anxious to comply with my wishes but we both doubted whether he was in such humble circumstances as he would be considered of sufficient importance to act as a guarantee to a foreigner. However, he took the form, and without hesitation fixed his chop, and I returned it to the Authorities.

Tape

I told him my business and he told me he had been cross-examined by a visiting official. What he did not tell me was that he had stood up for me, had waived aside any suggestion that I might be a person who had, or who would, hurt his country in any way. He said I was a good man. The next day I received my Exit Permit. When we British tell our tales of National Pride, they are usually tales of noble deeds, of removed from the mundane influences of personal advantages. Our literature is rich with tales of friendship, Consider then if you will, This Chinese had stood up to the whole juggernaut of official bureaucracy to speak on behalf and say, "There was some..."

Across the road at the bottom of Italy Avenue, there was a small Horleutist. I spent very little money in his shop, but had given him, in my time, about two small orders for pots plants for the school, and now and again, would buy myself a plant or two for the house. The funny part about it is I never knew his name, but somehow we became friends in a causal sort of way. Sometimes I would drift into his shop, and we would talk about flowers and flower arrangement. He loved his art, and although he was not a wealthy man, he would often give me some flowers to take home after I had made my purchase.

He was the only Chinese I know who approximated to anything the Exit Permit people re-

quired of one he called friend. It was a beautiful thing to do, and men have been canonised for less.

To have thought of reward,

would have spoilt the whole thing for both him and me. We let it rest there, and parted with a handshake. I hope nothing I have written should have placed me in jeopardy. I think not,

for in accepting his guarantee,

the Chinese Government ac-

cepted him as a man of principle.

I shall not meet him like again; I do not suppose I shall ever see him again; but I shall never forget him, and I am

taking out of Shanghai. What a job! "Collar studs, (man's) one," I paid off my servant the customary money of some months' salary, plus a little, and gave him all the things I was unable to take away, which, I think were of some value to him during the months ahead.

So came the last evening of my last day in Shanghai. All my people had been calling to say goodbye. I spent the day looking over the school which had come to love, and had hoped to add my part to its considerably reputation. So terribly and I made my final farewells, and a friend drove me to the station. There, a little company of children had gathered to say goodbye. So it all added up to this. To leave, an object foreigner, subjected to harsh dealing, yet richer for a glimpse of a great people about to come into their own again.

I wished I could tell them I wished them well, and that there were millions of Englishmen like me, who watched China taking her place in the community of great nations, with pride.

But the bureaucrat knows nothing of that. His breed is international, his blood so much tepid ink, his imagination no greater than a rubber stamp. Yet we, the people, have surrendered all power into his hands. I could not say this to anyone for whatever found a bureaucrat with loyalty to anything but his office stof!

My wife had prepared a cold chicken for our supper, and we were able to get boiling water on the train to add to our coffee essence.

Rea

We had a first class couch to ourselves. It was spotlessly clean, on the split second in the third-class. The attendants were efficiently remote, but courteous and helpful at all times.

Food was brought to the spacious carriage which had a kind of lot-down table in the centre. We ate ham and eggs for the most part, and they were cooked very appetisingly, and served on spotless plates.

There was only one uncanny incident on the journey. In order that we had hot drinks from time to time, we used to ask the attendant for hot water. One time he was gone for quite a long time, and, on that

common tired, much in need of a shave and a wash, I had to go into a small room where I was questioned. For one moment, I had the idea that the train had gone onto a switch somewhere, and had finished up in Russia, for my inquisitor was not Chinese, but Russian. On the wall was the portrait of Lenin, the usual one seen in official Soviet offices. A Chinese did enter, but as far as I could tell, the Russian was the boss.

The other fellow, he might have been an adviser-teacher, showing the Chinese how to carry out the job of interrogating tired passengers.

He did not keep me long, but I was told to report to the police station. We had a very reasonable compartment booked at the Court Hotel, and as I had an introductory letter to hand to Mr. Bridges, we were made as comfortable as the rather nuptiate economy of Tientsin permitted. Tired, I fell asleep, and when I awoke, it was past twelve o'clock. This was a pretty pleckle. I had got off on the wrong foot already, and had failed to report to the police.

Tape

In a flap, I rushed round to Jardine's who had elected to place their使馆 at the disposal of such stray birds as myself, who served as servants of the British Interests in Shanghai, but were not attached to a firm.

One of their men looked after me, and took me to the police station. I told them the truth; I was tired, had overslept, and failed to report in time.

They were quite reasonable about it, and told me to report the next day before twelve o'clock.

As it was some eleven days before the SS Heinrich Jensen would sail from Tientsin, we had plenty of time to complete such formalities as were required. A journey to the Custom House to present for their inspection such valuables we possessed. I had one pair of gold cufflinks, and a set of dress studs, and a heavy cigarette case given me by some schoolchildren. Nevertheless, every item was inspected with meticulous attention, and then they were replaced in the case and sealed and stamped, and so placed out of bounds until I was territorially free of China.

A visit to the bank demanded a statement that I possessed no currency but JMP, the official Chinese currency. I was allowed to exchange some of this for a small amount of Hongkong

Ferd'nand



By Mlk

BRUSSELS FAIR FLY SWISSAIR

→ 17 APRIL 1958

Thinking ahead...



New runways today for new and bigger jet aircraft tomorrow. Bigger aircraft mean bigger passenger loads. Jardine's Airways Department will handle the greater part of this traffic. Jardine's, the most experienced air travel organization in the Colony, face these developments with confidence. Why not let us take care of your travel arrangements; make a note of our new telephone numbers now or call at Alexandra House.

JARDINE'S AIRWAYS DEPT.

are fully good booking agents.
Alexandra House, Tel. 30371
Airways Terminal, Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon 64800
Reservations / Enquiries (Day and Night) 27711



Jardine's adopted me while in Tientsin. This is an old photograph of their riverside premises in Tientsin. Why didn't I take one? I ask you!

I AM proud to record I had such a friend. Now to book a passage. I called at Thomas Cook's, still functioning in those days. And once again they lived up to their motto. They could not promise anything but a seat in the train, and sleeping space on the deck of the ship. They would also see to the train ticket, and from then on I should have to stand by ready to leave.

Should this seem strange to the uninitiated, I had better go over it again. There was a rough idea of when the ship would be in Tientsin, but the outgoing traveller had to be in Tientsin at least a week before his ship sailed. More than that, it was advisable to take the next vacuum seat on the train out of Shanghai. You could not go to the Shanghai Station booking office and say: "I want a ticket for next Wednesday on the 5.30 p.m." What you had to do was to put your name on the list, and when your number was posted up in the station, leave right away.

My luggage had already gone, it was packed a bit ago and handed over to the Chinese Authorities together with a list in sextet of every bit and piece

of one he called friend. It was a great idea to do, and men have been canonised for less. To have thought of reward, would have spoilt the whole thing for both him and me. We let it rest there, and parted with a handshake. I hope nothing I have written should have placed me in jeopardy during the months ahead.

So, through the days I walked the streets of Tientsin, white face, red lacquer, brown face, black face, passed to and fro. Blue eyes stared coldly, brown eyes glowed hotly, black eyes narrowed curiously, and each and every one seemed to demand an explanation of it all.

Hungry faces, fat faces, bearded faces met in restaurants and drank strange German beers, whose trade marks reminded one of ancient castles long passed away, and of the Lord still clinging to a rock in a never-existent Rhine.

But that, and how we left, should make a tale for next Saturday.

NEXT WEEK:

OUTWARD BOUND

SHOW BUSINESS

Roderick Mann

Rossano Brazzi's Lament: I'm Hated In Italy . . .

ROSSANO BRAZZI was sitting in the Savoy with the look of a man for whom the tumbler had just been summoned. He made room for me and I asked him the cause of his sadness. After all, wasn't he getting \$20,000 a picture and regular meals?

"I will tell you," said Brazzi. "I wouldn't cross the street. The truth is that, though I am to see her," said Brazzi popular elsewhere, the Italian pleasantly.

LOST FRIENDS . . .

"WHILE we're on the subject of Rossano Brazzi, is there anyone else you wouldn't cross the street to see?"

"Yes," said Brazzi darkly. "Ava Gardner." By way of explanation, he added: "I made a film with her once."

As he spoke his eyes took in the entire room like radar scanners, as if expecting at any moment that she would leap from behind a curtain (a foot, I might add, at which Miss Gardner excels.)

"Sometimes I wonder about show business," said Brazzi merrily. "About friends, I mean. When I first went to Hollywood in 1948 to make *Little Women*, they were all over me. Then the film came out and was a flop. Do you know how many got a single phone call after that?"

"And now . . ."

"Well," said Brazzi. "Now I have no friends in show business. It's just not possible. All the time I'm talking to another actor you know he is watching his profile in the mirror or wondering how he can steal your part."

"I'm glad about that," I said.

"Because you've made some stinkers since last we met."

He looked disconsolately again. "Yes," he said. "There was *Interlude*, with that awful girl June Allyson—how can Dick Powell stand her?—and *Legend of the Lost*, with Loren and John Wayne. That was really horrible. We lived in the desert for weeks, you know, and hated each other."

We walked out into the foyer. "You know what I am?" he said sadly.

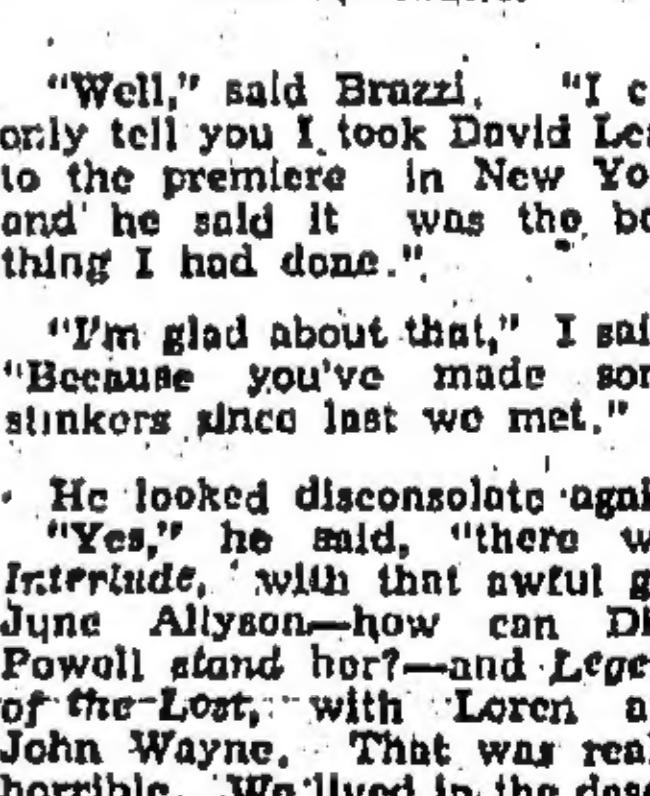
"I am Hollywood's No. 3 Dago," said Brazzi. He walked to the door.

"Who's No. 1?" I called after him.

"Why," said Brazzi. "Sinatra, of course."



SINATRA, BRAZZI
Title contenders.



"Well," said Lean. "I can only tell you I took David Lean the premiere in New York and he said it was the best thing I had done."

He looked disconsolately again.

"Yes," he said. "There was *Interlude*, with that awful girl June Allyson—how can Dick Powell stand her?—and *Legend of the Lost*, with Loren and John Wayne. That was really horrible. We lived in the desert for weeks, you know, and hated each other."

We walked out into the foyer. "You know what I am?" he said sadly.

"I am Hollywood's No. 3 Dago," said Brazzi.

He walked to the door.

"Who's No. 1?" I called after him.

"Why," said Brazzi. "Sinatra, of course."

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Now Mr. Amies Creates A Gay New Shape For Men



PICTURE BY ROY ROUND.

Spring coat with all the new lines — an easy oval shape, a wider neckline, and a belt and button at the hem. Because it's short it's not difficult to walk in. I've tried it. Designed by Spectator Sport, it costs £7. Hat by Hugh Beresford. The man's coat belongs to Mr Amies. No, that's not him inside it. He was at Buckingham Palace discussing the Queen's clothes for her recent visit to Holland when the picture was taken.

IT'S CASUAL AND YOUTHFUL THE BACKGROUND MOVING FORWARD

MR HARDY AMIES, the Queen's dressmaker, king of a successful couturier business, an equally successful off-the-peg business, and a plushy little Georgian house in Kensington is now adding to his empire. He is the first of the British Top Ten to design clothes for men.

"What's new?" I asked him in Kensington. "The shape," said he, "but surely you've noticed all the really well-dressed men are a **TOTALLY DIFFERENT SHAPE**."

"That old double-breasted buttoned-up-and-down look has gone."

"It couldn't be more dated. These so-called 'best dressers' — politicians mostly — with their long, sad overcoats — flapping round their calves — they're **FINISHED**."

"You must have noticed that most women, men, sartorially speaking, are merely a background."

And as far as the shape of the background is concerned anything large, square, dark, and not too sharp at the corners will do splendidly.

The thin, angular type with splashes of extrovert colour are never entirely satisfactory. They tend to get into the foreground and compete. "Really," continued Mr Amies, hitching his faintly drab-looking trousers at the knee and crossing one hand-made, same over the other, "one is sacrificed to talk of anything revolutionary in men's wear."

Immediately the public seems to get the impression that it's either something out of the chorus from *Traviata* or a Space Suit.

YOUNGER!

"Nothing could be further from the truth."

"It's simply that every well-turned-out man is now looking **YOUNGER**."

"It's the effect of the shorter, casual overcoat ... the roomy slightly sack-shaped jacket ... and, of course, no braces."

It's the most aging bit of glad tidings ever. "Just to wear them makes one feel old."

(He rang the bell. "Eastowe, my beaver-lined overcoat, please and the black and white check and the evening coat.)

"You must see for yourself what I mean" — and with the

return of Eastowe (his valet) he demonstrated.

It is a youthful look right enough. In his flatish black bowler, his short triangular overcoat and his long, narrow trousers, Mr Amies looked absurdly like the eternally young lover in *Parisian Paynet's* drawings.

But as a background? I'm not so certain.

Frozen out

I ATE out in style last week.

Lashed up by batteries of well-starched waiters, I downed several costly meals.



At the end I found myself in a coffee bar in Chelsea, sharing a seat — the only vacant seat — with a virtuoso of the wash-board. I hoped he might introduce me to some girls.

"Call me Frank," said he.

"Tell me," said I — indicating the many black-stockinged ones draped over the tables — "why so sad. Why the general air of mourning?"

"What's they got to laugh at?" said Frank.

"Do they write?" said I.

"More like can they write," said Frank.

"What do they talk about?" said I.

"What would we be talking about if you'd just put down that notebook and relax," said Frank.

I said I couldn't imagine.

EVER since the days of Noah, no doubt, tidy-minded people like me have rejoiced to see the species go

ing two by two.

Course followed course — everything sounding too splendid, did for words in French, Greek, Italian — the waiters extolling the virtues of Crayfish, a *Sybarite* or *Eels à la Dauphine* with dramatic gestures.

And everything tasted of salt, fresh-ground pepper, garlic, sugar, — *Kirsch*, — nothing tasteless.

Course followed course —

that non-striking, labour-saving, ice-cold friend of every hotel keeper — the **DEEP FREEZER**.

What worries me is that, if we don't catch out, we are going to get to the fearful state where, willy nilly, darn nearly, everything gets frozen — even when it's in season.

WELL?

My guess is that practically everything I ate, including the shrimps, the scallop, and the salmon, the *pizza*, broccoli, baby sprouts, asparagus, raspberries, strawberries, pineapple, and so on (no, of course I didn't mix all that at one sitting) came straight out of

the deep-freezer.

SAUCE!

At the moment most of the hotels round my home serve frozen sprouts — and a few hundred yards away the market gardens are full of fresh ones.

I wanted fresh haddock recently.

"Fresh frozen," said my fishmonger, who is scarcely

able to move round his little shop since he imported a giant deep-freeze cabinet.

"Frosts like cotton wool," said I.

"Then take a nice bottle of tomato ketchup too, dear," said he helpfully.

They tell me that's what they do in the States.

No wonder Randolph Churchill almost wept on TV when he recalled his lost 20lb. — "nothing tastes of anything over there."

I say we are in danger of losing our palates.

We may well be in danger of losing Randolph, some of us can't spare him.

Why Are Black Stocking Girls So Sad?

I've been longing to talk to one.

To this end I found myself in a coffee bar in Chelsea, sharing a seat — the only vacant seat — with a virtuoso of the wash-board. I hoped he might introduce me to some girls.

"Call me Frank," said he.

"Tell me," said I — indicating the many black-stockinged ones draped over the tables — "why so sad. Why the general air of mourning?"

"What's they got to laugh at?" said Frank.

"Do they write?" said I.

"More like can they write," said Frank.

"What do they talk about?" said I.

"What would we be talking about if you'd just put down that notebook and relax," said Frank.

I said I couldn't imagine.

JUST AS IT'S SUCCESSION WITH THE

BOYS IT'S BLACK STOCKINGS FOR THE

BOYS — OR, OCCASIONALLY, NAVY

BLUE.

At last a type is emerging.

She's sad, straight hair, a

Suna Portman fringe, eyes

slanted up like an odalisque, and

chisel pink lips.

She wears a short black sack

and long black stockings.

JUST AS IT'S SUCCESSION WITH THE

BOYS IT'S BLACK STOCKINGS FOR THE

BOYS — OR, OCCASIONALLY, NAVY

BLUE.

WHAT A FUSS I CAUSED...

It seems I'm "wise" ... "brainless" ... "hilariously funny" ... "empty headed" ... "outdated" ... and "absolutely right," according to my readers.

OH, WHAT A STORM BLEW UP AND AROUND MY EARS BECAUSE I

PROPOSED LOSS SPORT IN GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

"HAVE YOU NEVER PLAYED A GOOD, FAST GAME OF HOCKEY?"

writes a reader from Eastleigh, Hants. "AND HAVE YOU NEVER KNOWN THE HAPPINESS AND SATISFACTION THAT COMES FROM THE KNOWLEDGE OF HAVING GIVEN YOUR BEST TO SOMETHING YOU LOVE AND ENJOY DOING?"

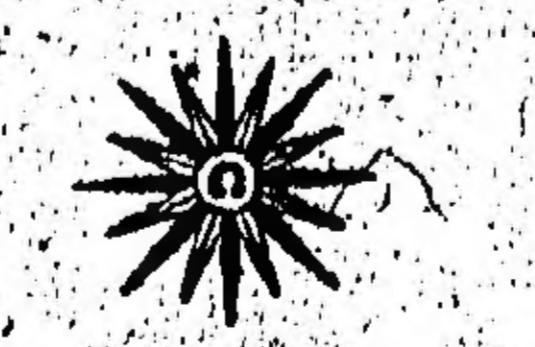
THE ANSWER TO THE FIRST QUESTION IS NO. THE ANSWER TO THE

SECOND IS YES — BUT IT WASN'T AT HOCKEY.

—VERONICA PAPWORTH.

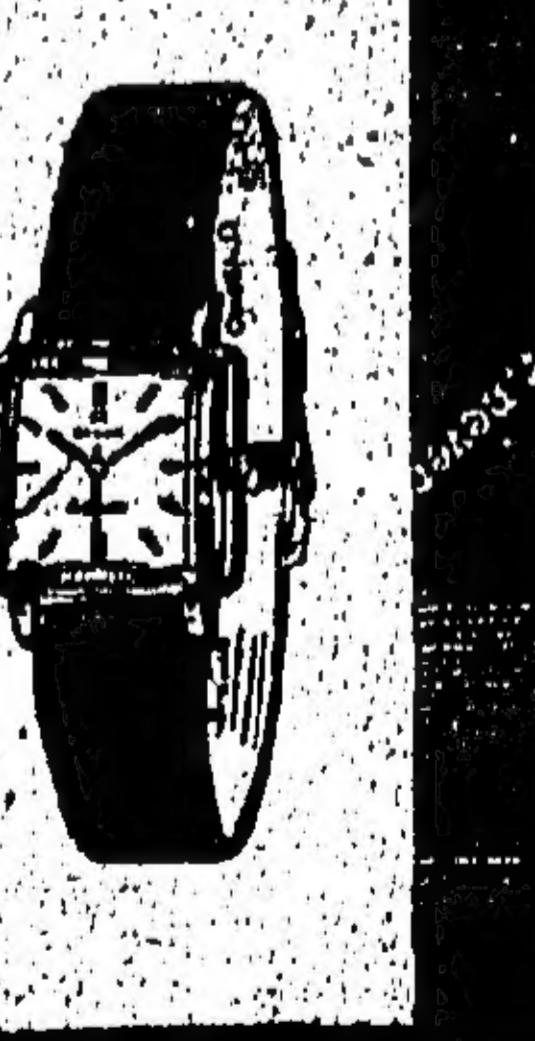
Omega's Latest Marvelous Creation for Ladies

The New Omega Ladymatic



IT GOES ON AND ON, AND IT NEVER, NEVER NEEDS WINDING. SELF-WINDING, SHOCK-PROTECTED, ANTI-MAGNETIC. DIAL WITH SOLID 18K GOLD FIGURES.

WONDERFUL SELECTION IN GOLD, GOLDCAPPED, GOLDFILLED AND STAINLESS STEEL.



OMEGA Ladymatic

The watch the world has learned to trust... some day you will own one.

Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A., Geneva, Switzerland.

SOLO AGENT C.M.T.D. LTD.

OMEGA ★ THOROF

64, Jardine House, Hong Kong.

A Colour Scheme Of Blue And Yellow



Drawn by
Robb

IT WAS a blue and yellow colour scheme for the Queen recently. The blue, gold-edged ribbon of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands was set off by the magnificent dress by Hartnell which Robb presents for you here.

Made of palest yellow satin — a surprise colour for the Queen — its big belled skirt was swathed with ruched lace in pale blue and yellow, and sparkled with aquamarine and topaz. And swagged from the side ran a train of sky-blue satin that tucked under the hem in front and made a stately train behind.

— ROBERT ROBB

4A



Mr. Pong Ding-yuen, now chairman of the Po Laung Kuk, is seen at the official reception after his appointment, with the Hon. J. C. McDouall.



Mr. D. W. B. Baron, Director of Social Welfare, is seen at the opening of the 2nd Children's Toy Exhibition in Tsimshatsui. Staff Photographers



Mr. J. C. Jones, Assistant Education Adviser on Technical Education to the Secretary of State for the Colonies at the Aberdeen Trade School. Staff Photographer

EXTRA
EXPERIENCED PLANNING
AND INFORMATION

SERVICE
FOR ALL LAND, SEA,
AIR LINES THROUGHOUT

AT NO
THE WORLD — TOURS
HOTEL RESERVATIONS

EXTRA
BAGGAGE TRANSFERS
TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

CHARGE
AND INSURANCE

AMERICAN LLOYD TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.
Shell House Tel: 31175



The centenary of the pioneer auctioneering firm of Lammert Brothers is celebrated at the Hongkong Jockey Club.

LEFT: Mr. K. A. Watson, partner of the firm, welcomes Mrs. W. V. Pennell.

ABOVE: At the party . . . Mrs. R. Postonji, Mrs. E. H. Pritchard, and Mrs. K. Allport.

Staff Photographer



Members of the Japanese all-girl Shochiku Revue sailed from Hongkong aboard the President Cleveland just as the film "Sayonara" arrived to explain their set-up, and one of their own films "Underwater Romance".

Above—from the left: Misses Michika Kai, Michiyo O'Gi, M. Wu, and Yoko Tamaki are seen at the farewell party (left and below) before the Cleveland sails.

Staff Photographer



Jean Prate, Cambridge anthropologist spending a year in the Hakka village of Sha Lo Tung, speaks at the YWCA.

RIGHT: Mrs. L. G. Morgan, wife of the Acting Director of Education, presenting parcels at the Juvenile Care Centre.

BELOW: Guests of the same function applauded a lively programme of folk dances and songs.

Staff Photographer



dimplex
THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED
OIL FILLED

THE KEY TO WARMTH

PLUG-IN CENTRAL HEATING
• SAFE LOW SURFACE
TEMPERATURE
• EIGHT DIFFERENT
ATTRACTIVE COLOURS

GILMAN & COMPANY LTD.,
Telephone: MIM 1111

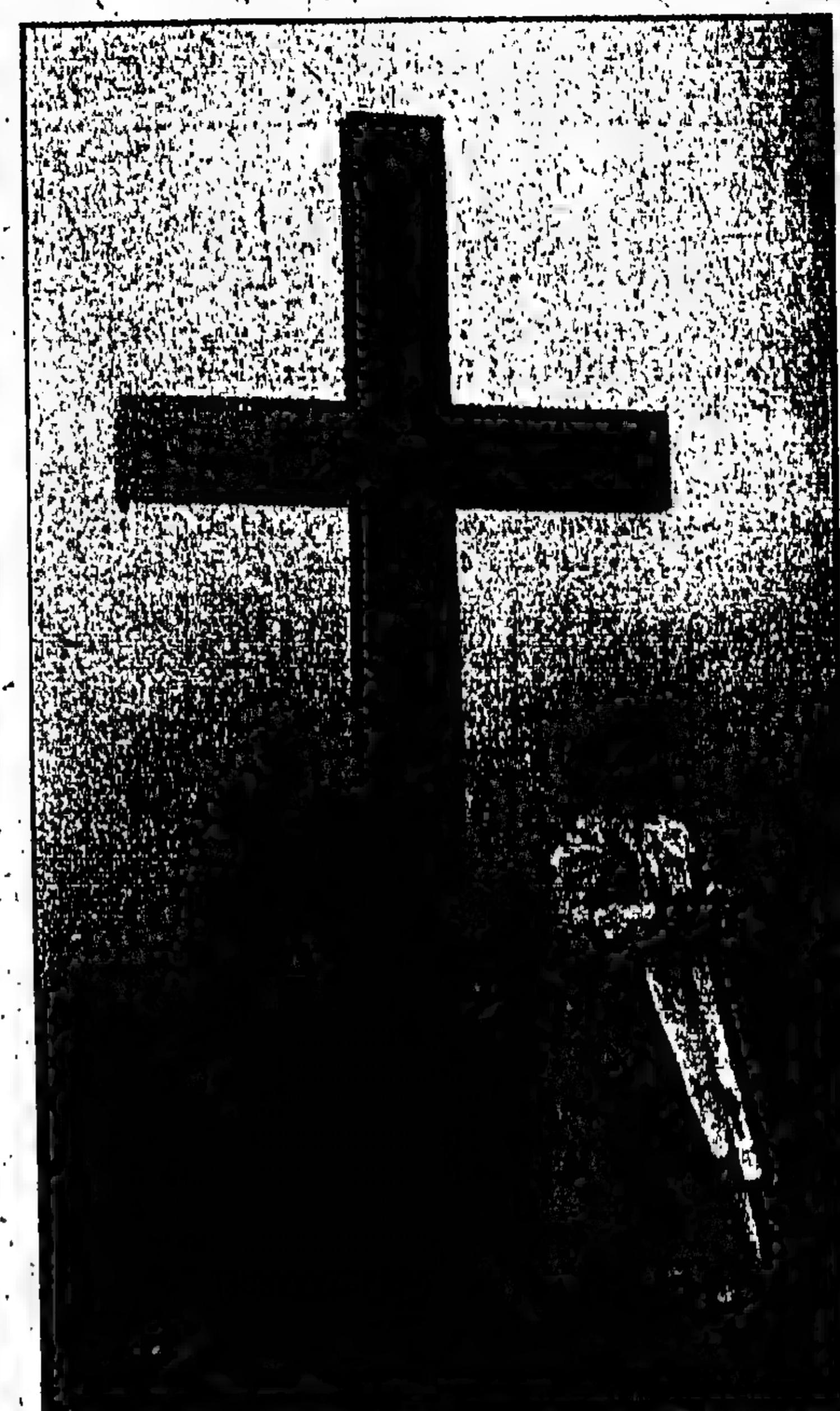


EASTER WEDDINGS

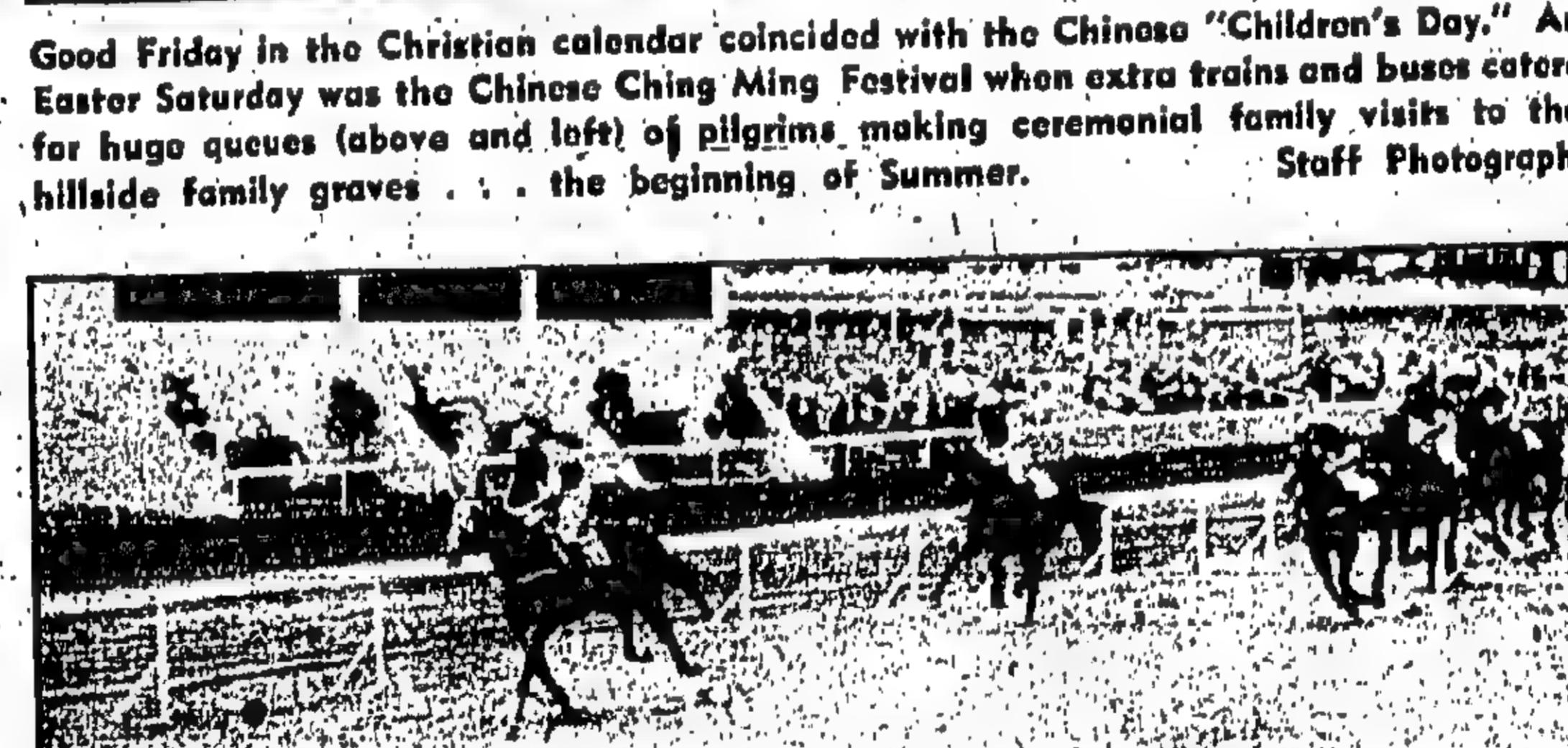
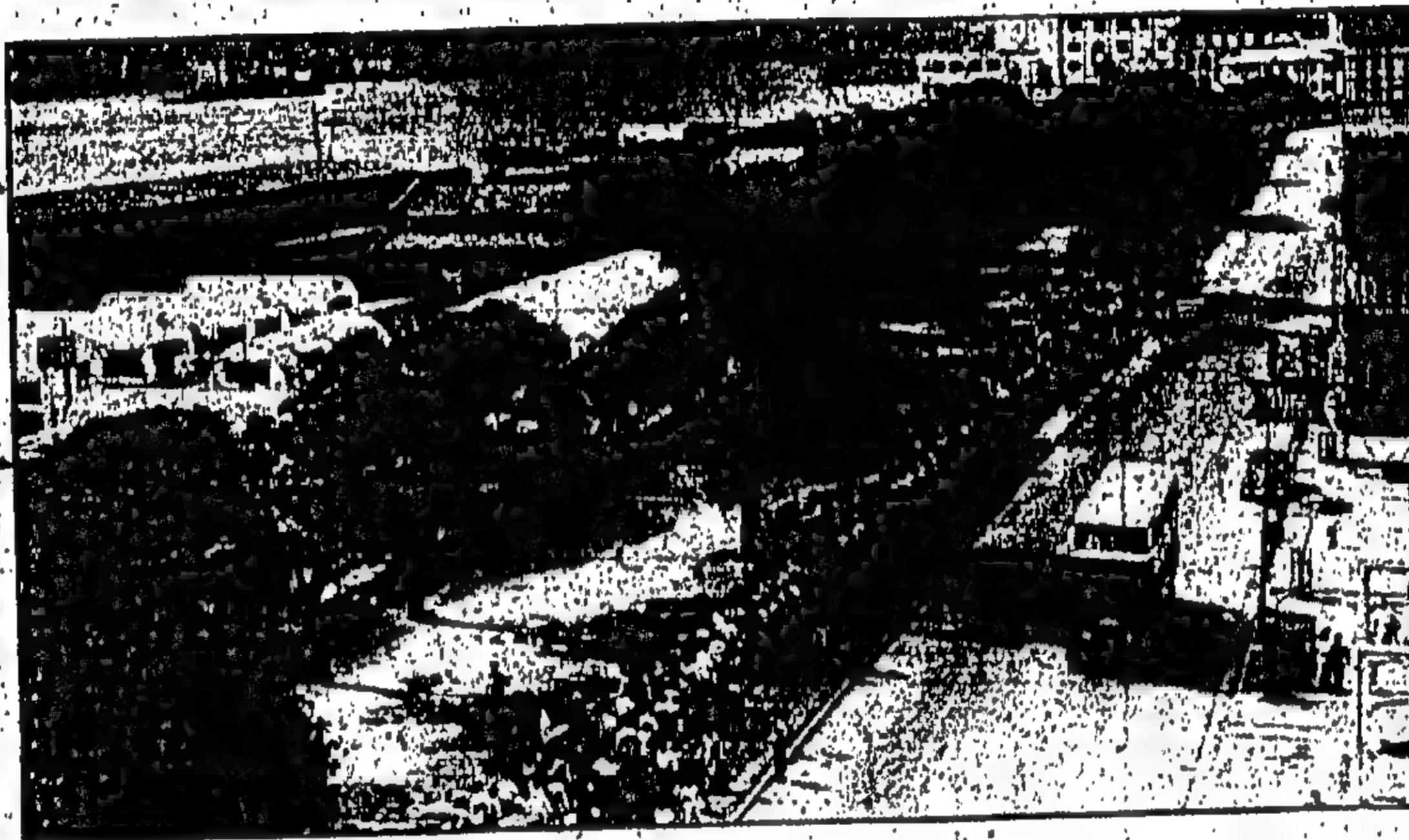
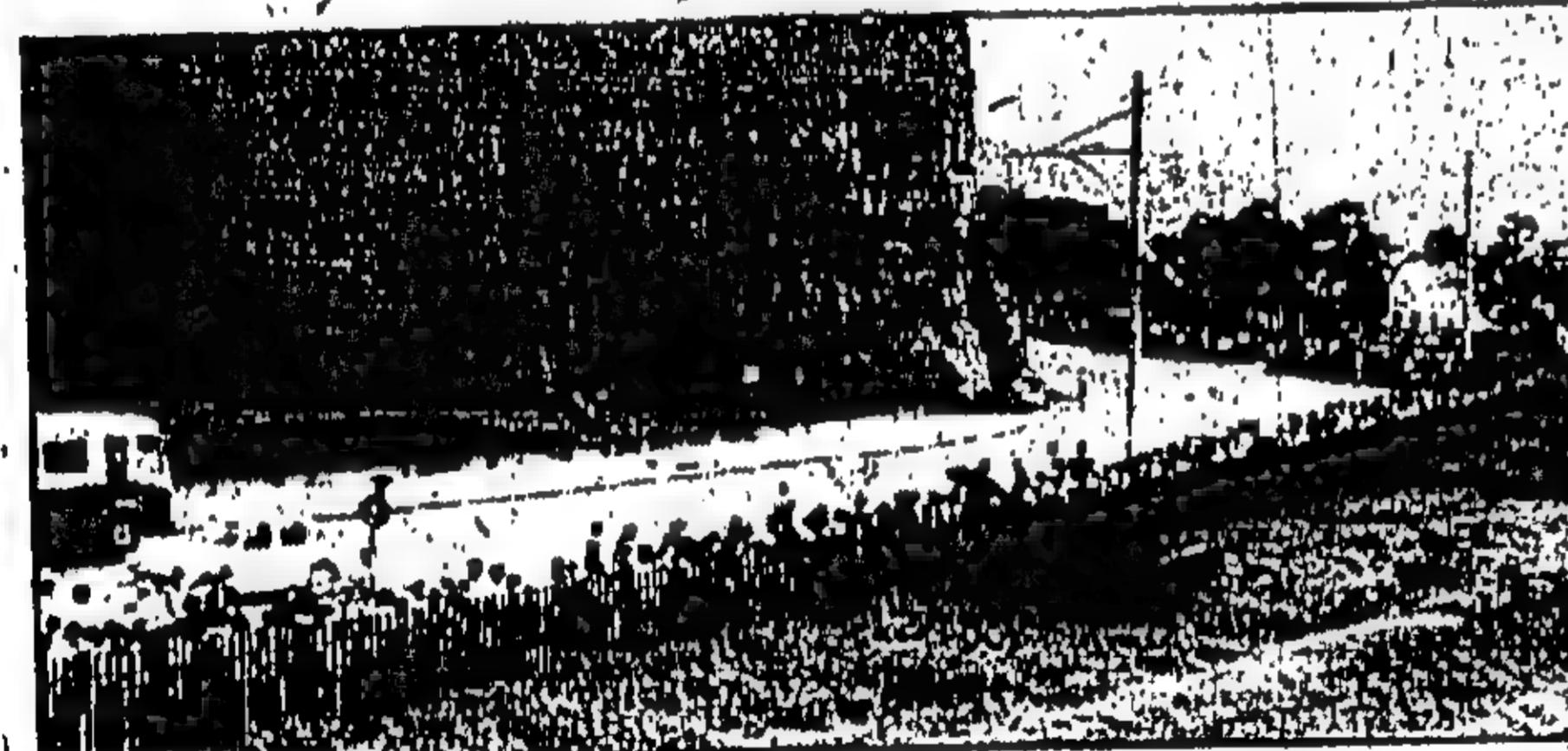
BELOW: Dr Frederick Y. K. Ong of Singapore and his bride Betty Loke Hei-sin outside the Supreme Court. **Inset—** their bridesmaids.

RIGHT: Mr Francis Blackburn and Kathleen Rowan on the steps of St. Teresa's.

Staff Photographers



Bruce Wing-cheong Lo and Vivian Young are seen at the Kwong Chau Restaurant following their wedding.



**1958 Westinghouse
Dehumidifier**

TAKES MOISTURE AWAY . . . A BUCKET A DAY

STOPS MOISTURE DAMAGE ANYWHERE

- DRYING ROOMS
- GODOWNS
- UTILITY ROOMS
- BASEMENTS

YOU CAN BE SURE . . . IF IT'S Westinghouse

DAVIE, BOAG & CO. LTD. ALEXANDRA HOUSE, LONDON, ENGLAND

W

EASTER RACING

The Sussex and Oxford handicaps at Happy Valley.
Staff.

Mr and Mrs Derek Hunt after their wedding at the Hong Kong Supreme Court, and before a banquet at the Capitol Restaurant.

The Restaurant in Kowloon

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

FIRST FLOOR, MANSION HOUSE
74-76 NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON

FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE 60301
OR, AFTER 7 p.m., 60305

★★★ PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ★★★

Miss Sweeny, your castle awaits...

If the future Duchess of Rutland is a stickler for authenticity she may be disappointed in romantic Belvoir. It looks like a flashback to the Middle Ages—but was really built less than 150 years ago. There are no dungeons... and all the 160 rooms have central heating.

A FEW minutes drive out of Grantham, on the Melton Mowbray road, brings you to the neat ironstone village of Woolsthorpe. From there a rough two-mile road intersected by cattle grids takes you to Belvoir Castle, the family seat to which the Duke of Rutland will presently take Miss Frances Sweeny as his bride. Belvoir is a massive fortress-like house straddled on a wooded ridge overlooking three counties. In the sunlight it looks like towers and turrets glitter like a cumbersome crown. From the battlements rows of cannon peer down on lawns patrolled by a herd of bronze deer.

The castle has 160 rooms built on an imperial scale. The ballroom was modelled on Lincoln Cathedral; the guard-



MRS. ALICE KING
She remembers Belvoir before the changes.
"All the village girls wanted to work in the castle in those times."
London Express Service



BELVOIR CASTLE

is built on an imperial scale—the guardroom could swallow up an entire regiment.

leading the way down a stone-flagged passage past rooms marked Laundry, Still-room, Office, Store-room, Butler's Pantry. These rooms are locked.

"Not enough staff for that sort of thing now," said Miss Webb, quick to stamp on delusions of dual magnificence. The Duke's personal staff has dwindled to six, including the housekeeper and butler. The laundry is sent out to Grantham and all provisions except milk, eggs and vegetables from the Home Farm are delivered by van.

Life under the 10th Duke is simple. When Miss Sweeny week-ends at Belvoir for 36 years, would not exchange her Regency folly for all the legend-entwined dungeons in Britain.

"Life at Belvoir is exceedingly pleasant," she said briskly, looking at his Grace's family portraits.

The Duke's private wing, facing south over terraced lawns, will not be redecorated before the new chateausine arrives. Not while there are tenants' cottages on the estate, have lived here for 20 years.

Mr Stubbly, a sturdy figure in gumboots and apron, is not given to sentimentalising about the grand old days. She likes the air and bustle of the summer months, when swarms of privileged tenants, Red-cheeked Mrs Mabel, Stubbly and her husband, one of the gardeners on the estate, have lived here for 20 years.

Like all the Belvoir tenants, she has been following the Duke's romance with interest. But she does not expect to see much of the future Duchess. "This is a quiet place for a young girl," she says.

JOCASTA INNES

SHE REMEMBERS

Two miles away in Woolsthorpe, 40-year-old Mrs. Alice King works busily at a rag rug as she reminiscences about her 20 years in service at the castle. She remembers "it in the days before trippers and charabancs."

All the village girls wanted to work in the castle in those times," she says. "They liked to get a bit of the grand life.

But it's different now. All the young folk are moving to the towns."

She remembers the present Duke as a handsome, serious little boy, passionately fond of shooting in the 16,000-acre estate.

"It's right that the Duke is marrying again. They need some children running about that big place," says Mrs. King, a proud grandmother four times over.

Halfway up the castle drive are the handsome King Charles II coach-houses, now converted into flats for some of his Grace's.

visitors bring a whiff of town-life to the peaceful castle grounds.

Like all the Belvoir tenants, she has been following the Duke's romance with interest.

But she does not expect to see much of the future Duchess. "This is a quiet place for a young girl," she says.

JOCASTA INNES



MRS. MABEL STUBBLY

"This is a quiet place for a young girl."

BUT HOW MANY WOMEN COULD KEEP SUCH A PROMISE . . . ?

THE Duchess of Windsor's fact that it happened, then drop it for good."

Admitting deep disloyalty, to my sex over this I'd say that not one woman in a hundred thousand can do as the Duchess suggests.

It simply isn't in their make-up.

Sure they'll promise... sure

they'll try to keep their promise, but women have minds like elephants, they cannot forget and they wound them.

The Abdication over, the inquest held, the Duchess declares that she and her husband made a vow never to discuss it again—"We never have."

Goodness knows how many

women have faced crises in

married couples should,

as early as possible, promise each other never to discuss a problem about which nothing further can be done. Accept the

truth.

—VERONICA PAPWORTH

A MAN SAID

MY favourite quote of the week — Lord Kilbracken on Princess Grace waiting for the birth of her baby — "radiant, smiling, at peace within herself."

The Abdication over, the inquest held, the Duchess declares that she and her husband made a vow never to discuss it again—"We never have."

Goodness knows how many

women have faced crises in

married couples should,

as early as possible, promise each other never to discuss a problem about which nothing further can be done. Accept the

truth.

—VERONICA PAPWORTH



Today...you can put radiant color on to stay... all through the day—without drying your lips!

Now you don't have to put lipstick on... and... without drying your lips. It's the only non-smear type lipstick enriched with Lanolite. Revlon's exclusive moisture-protecting ingredient to give your lips the fresh, moist look! Choose from 20 fabulous Revlon colors today.

Non-smear Lanolite Lipstick in Jumbo Case.

Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick

WEEK-ENDS WITH THE FAMOUS



EILEEN JOYCE relaxes for Christopher, a camera. "Cooklin'" looks on.

EILEEN JOYCE, leaned

over a pigsty gate listening to the grunts and squeals of a hefty sow and her 12 three-day-old piglets. With her husband, film and TV executive Christopher Mann, she was showing me round the farm attached to the converted Chartwell Estate farmhouse at Westerham, Kent. They bought it from Sir Winston Churchill last August and moved there in October.

Today the Manns start another precious away-from-it-all Saturday and Sunday.

A LOC FIRE

A carpeted hall and three shallow stairs lead to a spacious, beautifully furnished drawing room with a log fire burning in the wide hearth—and "Cooklin'" awaiting to have her menu for the week-end approved.

Eileen led the way to a small sunny studio where a signed portrait of Sir Henry Wood smiled encouragement from a Steinway grand.

Before a big concert week, I learned, she does have to submit to the relentless dictates of that wangling finger. But mostly she relaxes even heroically with her husband ("a beautiful player") seated beside her in the lamp-light playing music for four hands.

UNABASHED

"And of course," said Mrs. Mann, "there's also John's room." Beside a gramophone in the upstairs room of John Bartlett, her 16-year-old son by her first marriage, was stacked a pile of records.

"Jazz and rock 'n' roll," admitted Eileen unabashed. "I do like 'em, to let my hair down now and again."

LISA MOYNIHAN

(London Express Service)

THE MEAL THAT HE COULDN'T RESIST

THE lunch that the Great

Old Man risked his life to get is worth a closer inspection. When Sir Winston Churchill felt a little better after his first bout of pneumonia, he set his heart on going to a favourite restaurant and eating a favourite meal. And caught another chill.

A closer look at the restaurant and the meal reveals why the risk was probably worth it.

For the restaurant is one of the most famous in the world, built on a cliff overlooking the lovely bay of Villefranche, with a gold-painted lift to take you up to the terrace with its suntrap restaurant.

And the food it serves is world-famous too...

Famous for its hot hors-d'oeuvre — Provencal open flans, filled with onions, olives, pimentos, anchovies, cheese, ham; little pastry cases filled with meat; artichoke hearts; stuffed aubergines.

For its shellfish cooked in pastry. For its baby lamb cooked in the Provencal style. For its fine, flaky pastries and ice creams.

The menu Sir Winston staked his life on was hors-d'oeuvre, asparagus with vinaigrette sauce, roast lamb, and ice cream;

COPY THEM

WITHOUT pretending that you can make all these as superbly as the chef at the Chateau de Madrid, you can make a delicious copy of more than one of them.

You probably can't quite manage that, but you can try roasting lamb in the usual way, having beforehand scored it all over deeply and into the scores put crushed garlic, parsley, rosemary and marjoram, all mixed together.

Filling for Provencal open flans.

This can be eaten without a

pastry case, if you prefer it cut in thick slices.

THE OUTLOOK'S PALE AND INTERESTING

By HAZEL MEYRICK

THERE'S a change of face on the way for any woman who takes make-up seriously. The fashion in faces is swinging towards the "Pale and Interesting Look" as one cosmetic house calls it.

The 1958 face, which was first seen on the models at the Paris shows, is pale with heavily accented eyes and a luscious dark red mouth—in fact, the look of the tragic heroine of silent films.

But how do you achieve this look with a sun-tanned skin and healthy red cheeks? The secret is in the make-up you use.

A creamy alabaster-coloured foundation, topped by a pale pink-toned powder with a translucent quality about it.

The eyes are emphasised by what one beauty consultant called "masses of dark mascara," with eyelashes carried out beyond the eye-lids. A clear dark lipstic, such as "Red Cavalier," a new colour completes the picture—the picture of a fragile lady with dark, soulful eyes.

Now on the market is a new cream powder in pale shades to give you a smooth make-up that should last through a busy day. This powder contains more cream in its base than most, yet is lighter than usual and won't clog the pores or give you that unnatural mask-like appearance.

"My Fair Lady," the record-running musical from New York, comes to London this month, and I hear that the jewellery that will be worn by the cast is being made by a British manufacturer, and will be on sale in the West End.

The show's costume designer, Cecil Beaton, is visiting all the jewellers, and the result promises to be unusual and interesting.

Though the pearl and diamond dog-collar worn by the leading ladies in the cast won't be mass-produced, many of the Edwardian-style necklaces and brooches should be best-sellers.

some sandwiches, and comes in a variety of colours, including vivid red.

★ ★ ★

I hear there's a new version of the traditional Chinese cheongsam, in Singapore—the Cheongsam. This dress hangs straight, instead of being shaped to fit like a second skin, but it retains the traditional high-high slit.

I've an idea that the slit skirt may soon be copied in London, for many women who have tried to wear a sack-dress with a short tight skirt have found, to their dismay, that it wrinkles up over the knees when they walk.

★ ★ ★

"My Fair Lady," the record-running musical from New York, comes to London this month, and I hear that the jewellery that will be worn by the cast is being made by a British manufacturer, and will be on sale in the West End.

The show's costume designer, Cecil Beaton, is visiting all the jewellers, and the result promises to be unusual and interesting.

Though the pearl and diamond dog-collar worn by the leading ladies in the cast won't be mass-produced, many of the Edwardian-style necklaces and brooches should be best-sellers.

★ ★ ★

They've found a new use for silicones—to help stop that home-made cake from sticking to the baking tin. There's a silicone-treated paper on sale that nothing will stick to—not even adhesive tape. It can be used for lining cake tins so that even the stickiest chocolate cake comes out clean after cooking.

★ ★ ★

LONDON LETTER

A Woman's World

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP.

NATIONS, like human beings, have sex. Thus England, Germany, Russia and Canada are masculine, whereas France, America and Italy are feminine. All of which is a philosophical preamble to the first appearance of a new British weekly publication called WOMAN'S REALM.

The people behind this new venture are the firm of Odham's, a big capitalist concern which published books, magazines and also "The Daily Herald", which is the official newspaper of the Labour Party. Thus the company approaches its task of universal enlightenment with broadmindedness and a nice sense of opportunism.

There was no false modesty about the launching of WOMAN'S REALM. Odham's really went to town on hoardings, newspapers and commercial television. Having laid down the barrage the publishers coolly announced that the sale of WOMAN'S REALM would exceed a million copies.

Most of my adult life has been spent in the publication of newspapers and magazines and it is not difficult for me to understand the doubts and problems that rose up to Odham's like Banquo's ghost to Macbeth. Already in the female magazine market there is the weekly WOMAN'S OWN with a weekly circulation of over 2½ million which it claims means a readership of over 6½ million. Therefore in my study of this phenomenon you will find that one weekly magazine "WOMAN'S OWN" reaches something like 20% of the entire female population of the country (including infants in arms and great-grandmothers).

Saturation

But do not imagine that rival publishers fear that the market has reached saturation point. Being a woman is not merely a fact of life; it is also an occupation and a profession. A cynic might say that it is also an obsession but we shall let that pass.

Even at the risk of wearying you let me just enumerate a few more publications and then we shall get down to our argument. Here they are:

WOMAN AND BEAUTY, WOMAN AND HOME, WOMAN ENGINEER, WOMAN'S COMPANION, WOMAN'S ILLUSTRATED, WOMAN'S JOURNAL, WOMAN'S SUNDAY MIRROR, and a lot of smaller publications, including, believe it or not, WOMEN'S CRICKET. In every case the magic word is WOMAN.

Faced with such a situation why did Odham's decide that there was room for yet another? And how in the world could he guarantee a ready-made million circulation from the first copy? Obviously the decision was based on cold deduction. The "Woman's market" in Great Britain is inexhaustible.

Now for a moment let us look at the situation or what might be described as "general interest" magazines. A few years ago Hulton's launched the weekly "PICTURE POST" which was intended to be the British equivalent of the American magazine LIFE. In its early days the circulation of "PICTURE POST" was so big that Edward Hulton lost heavily because he had contracted with the advertisers on a much smaller estimate of readership and he could not raise the rates.

For quite a period PICTURE POST more than held its own but during the war and for a long period afterwards magazines and newspapers could not increase their size because of the shortage of newsprint.

Paradoxically those were easy days for both magazines and newspapers. The number of publications were rationed and the publishers could charge the advertiser a maximum space rate. And because of the rationing there was small opportunity for sale promotion and there was little incentive for publications to improve their product. It is the old old story that without opposition there is bound to be an end to initiative.

At last, however, there came the day when newsprint was brought to an end, and the spur of competition was once more applied. That would have been glorious except for one thing. The monster Television had come of age and the battle for "The Eyes" began in deadly earnest. Gone were the days when the wife and husband read magazines and books while sound radio gave them the accompaniment of pleasant music.

Television

At first there was only the BBC television service, which charges an annual licence fee and because of its sole position could dictate to the viewing and listening public just what kind of programme the BBC thought they ought to have.

But there came a day in Parliament when Tory pressure group forced a debate on the subject. Their plan was to have two services—the BBC

(which would be supported by the licence fees) and the independent commercial service which would draw its revenue from advertisements.

The casualties soon began to mount up in the Battle of the Eyes. That intelligent-and-popular weekly publication "Everybody's" began to feel the draught. It paid a big price for Churchill's war memoirs which arrested the decline but not much more, and when the Churchill instruments ended the decline was resumed.

Sherlock

In the meantime the famous Strand Magazine, which is far off days published Conan Doyle's adventures of Sherlock Holmes, folded its tents and silently stole away. Even Punch, too, seemed to realize that Malcolm Muggeridge was engaged as editor to bring the old weekly in line with modern taste. Muggeridge did away with the pleasant gentle humour and brought in its stead and harsh ironic treatment that reached its climax with cartoons of Churchill and Eden which were savagely cruel without any suggestion of humour. For a time the curiosity of the public in this new tone arrested the fall in circulation but then the rot set in again and out went Muggeridge.

Today PUNCH, under new editorship, has slimmed dangerously in size, nor has it yet recovered its soul. Yet there are signs that the new editor knows what he is doing. For the sake of all of us in the British family of nations it is to be hoped that Mr Punch will be pointing out our genteel absurdities for a long time.

But all the serious weekly periodicals were feeling the draught. That forcible and intelligent weekly "Truth" clung to life as long as it could and then quietly passed away. Now it is rumoured that TIME AND TIDE (owned by Lady Rhondda) will follow TRUTH on its journey down the River Styx. Worse than that, Chamber's Journal of Edinburgh gave up the ghost. To me that was a sad day for it was in the journal that my novel "The Paris Men Play" was serialized in 1920's.

Here then is the paradox of the situation and I am afraid that it does not reflect favourably upon the female portion of the British community. While the weekly comment magazines are either dead or dying the monthly women's magazines grow stronger and more overwhelming all the time. Therefore, let us take a look at this new WOMAN'S REALM which was sold out from its first issue.

Domesticity

Quite openly its target is the housewife and her day to day problems. There are labour saving suggestions, advice on varying the diet, and all sorts of good ideas on the perplexities of domesticity. The whole thing is very useful and no doubt very useful. In fact it is aimed at the lower middle classes and not at the smart set at all. I have no doubt that it will help thousands of women to be better housewives and, therefore, I wish it well even though the arts as yet have found no auspicious place in its pages.

And now, believe it or not, I have just put before you a display newspaper announcement as follows:

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS!

"Woman's Day"

Guaranteed weekly net sale during the launching period 1,000,000

And this from Newness Publications which proudly published THE STRAND MAGAZINE for so long!

So I come back to the opening paragraph of this London Letter. If Britain, like Canada and Germany, is a masculine country why is it apparently impossible to maintain a general interest magazine such as the SATURDAY EVENING POST and MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE? Are American and Canadian women more interested in world affairs than in the immediate concern of domestic affairs? That would seem to be the case even though there might be lurking doubts in the minds of men.

It has been said that in Britain a married couple, expecting their first baby, decide in advance to call it Herbert John after the wife's uncle (who has a bit of lead) and they are keenly disappointed when the baby turns out to be a girl. Yet when it comes to magazine publication there is almost no place for the activities and interests of the male. There is, however, one magazine called MEN ONLY.

Is this the greatest leader of them all?

WEEKEND Friell



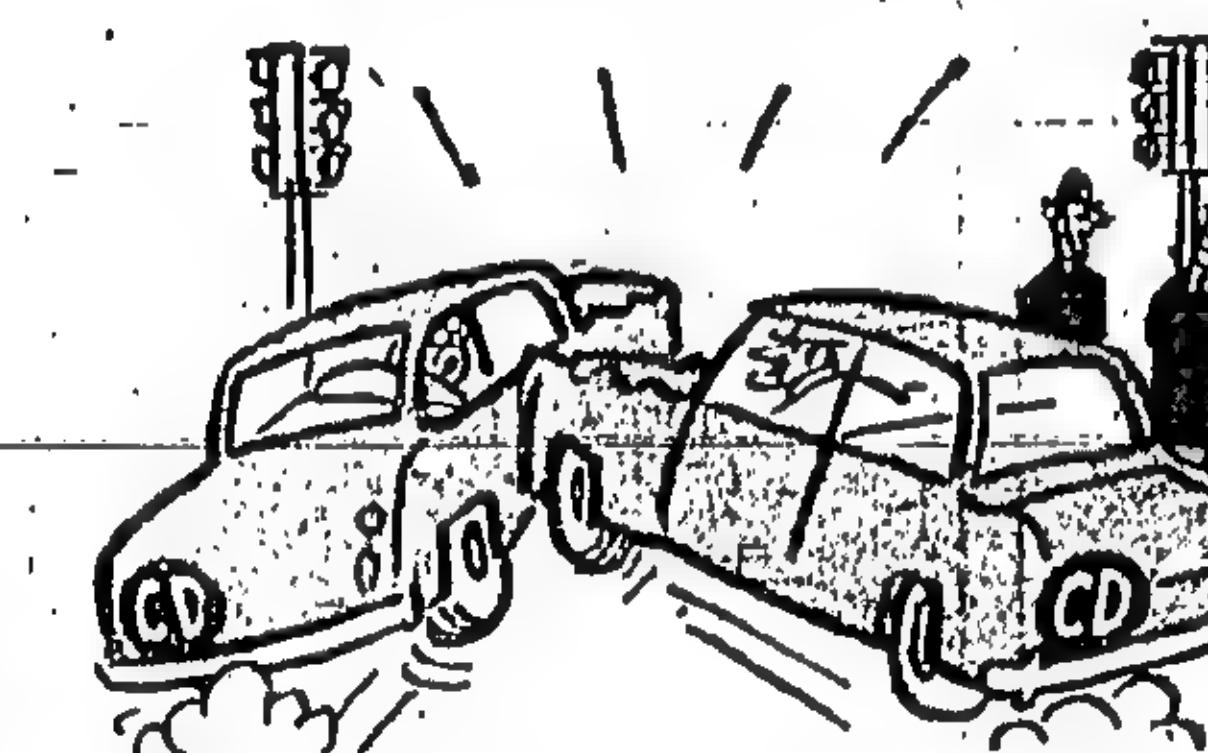
"All right, Mr. Moony! Money is still scarce, there must be no relaxation . . . so I'm not relaxing, O.K.?"



"You see it stands for 'Nuclear Arms To Order' Herr Doktor?"



"You can talk about the law of averages and the remoteness of the contingency, but accidents do happen, I know."



"Ah, but what's the position if the world doesn't last 10 years?"



"It's hard to realize we are absolutely the end, don't you think?"

Ottawa, I DON'T think John Diefenbaker, despite his forecast of sweeping victory, expected such a mammoth majority in the Canadian General Elections,

I had been asked to accompany the Prime Minister's party to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and one of Diefenbaker's aides, Fred Dorval (he married the Dionne quintuplets' nurse), warned me not to predict too big a triumph.

He had been quoted a dispatch of mine: "Diefenbaker Will Win and Win Big." As it turned out Diefenbaker did not only win big, he won colossal—the most shattering election victory in Canadian history.

He emerges as perhaps the most inspiring and dynamic leader in the British Commonwealth or the Western world for that matter.

In the Canadian capital people told me at the Rideau Club, in the lounge of the Chateau Laurier, at the drug-store counters, and in the Lord Elgin Bar: "John is way out in front now."

Perhaps he is. Certainly he is fitter and more vigorous than Eisenhower, more dynamic than Macmillan, more magnetic and a good deal younger (62) than Duplessis.

Has Canada produced a great British Commonwealth leader, not merely a highly successful Dominion Prime Minister? Most Canadians today think that Canada has. Certainly there is no one in power in the Commonwealth who believes in the British family of nations more fervently than Diefenbaker does.

I heard him make speech after speech and sometimes the tears would come into his eyes when he talked of the heritage of the British Commonwealth and of a new and bigger part in it for Canada.

First aim

WHAT does he say today as he presides over his vast victory? "Internationally we must retain the closest relationship with the Commonwealth—let's never forget that."

Diefenbaker still broods at the Liberals' derision of the British as "impudent" in the Suez fiasco. "We resent the British being so decisively condemned." But that is the past—Diefenbaker is thinking and planning for the future.

He will call Parliament soon, and no shock to Ottawa.

Diefenbaker believes he has a date with destiny, and judging by the election results many millions of Canadians think the same.

He is determined on closer economic ties with the Commonwealth, particularly Britain, and will call, perhaps, in session on a summer conference in Montreal on trade and finance.

Closer ties

I last June, and it was not campaign oratory, but when Diefenbaker called for 15 per cent more trade with Britain, I quote the Prime Minister: "The Conservative Government intends to restore to a maximum extent the British market which has been all but lost by previous Liberal Governments."

Diefenbaker wants closer blood ties with Britain and closer money ties. He wants to link the hard Canadian dollar with a harder pound sterling.

He has said little in the past few days, even off the record, about a summit conference between Russia, the United States, and Britain and Canada on Canadian soil, but it makes the strongest possible appeal to him.

But first he will tackle unemployment as he often pledged when asking for a vote of confidence from the voters.

Diefenbaker said he will solve it with public works, opening up the Canadian Northern Territories, new roads, reorganization of the railways, possibly a tax cut, and a far greater interchange of trade with Britain and the Commonwealth.

Why did Diefenbaker win so overwhelmingly? Personality



DON IDDON'S DIARY

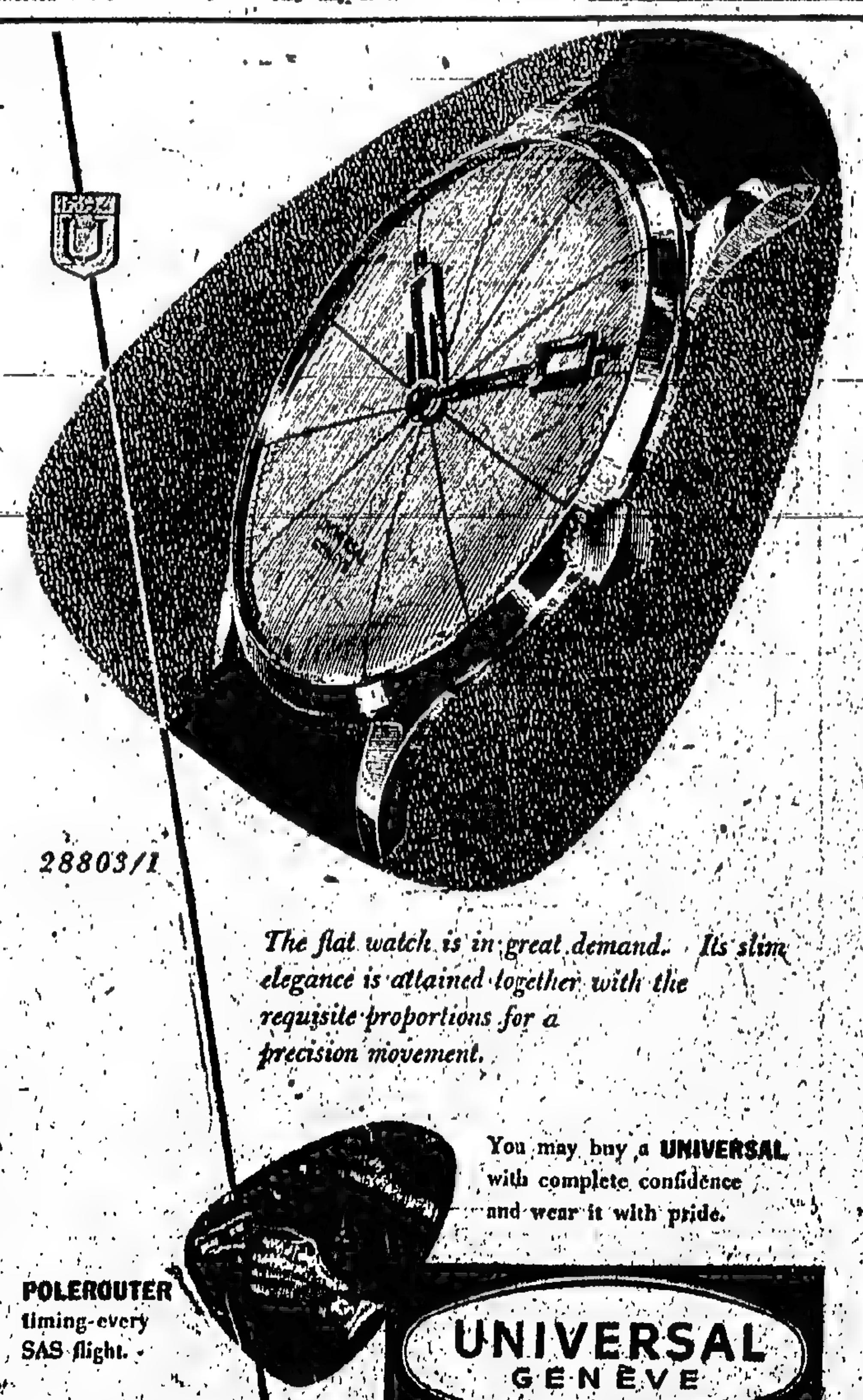
DIEFENBAKER,
Dives the
American
giant

no criticism of Britain and the British Commonwealth.

This new Canada which Diefenbaker is building and leading with the skill and assurance of a Roosevelt, takes its place firmly alongside the other Commonwealth nations.

Who knows, with men such as Diefenbaker, it might, one day, lead it?

HOW THE PARTIES POLLED	209
Conservative	47
Liberals	8
C.C.F.	8
Social Credit	0



Authorized Distributors:
Artland Watch Co., 20 Dee Vaux Road, C.
Kew Brothers & Co. Ltd., 183 Queen's Road, C.
Talbot Watch Co., 184 Dee Vaux Road, C.
James Cox, 185 Queen's Road, C.
S. W. Watch Co., 177 Queen's Road, C.
Selbst Frères, 18 Paddington Street, C.
Makda's Ltd., 147 Hanover Road & 20 York Airport.

GOLDEN BALL...KEEP ON ROLLING ALONG!

BY JOHNNY DANKWORTH

JAZZ is booming. It is right bang in the middle of its greatest hayday since the Golden Age—the late 'twenties and the early 'thirties.

Jazz clubs are bursting at the seams. Jazz TV and radio audience figures have reached an all-time high. The great jazz artists are household names. Jazz records are selling faster than they can be pressed.

Artists like Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie are touring the world playing jazz and enjoying wild receptions.

Paris, Rome, and London are flourishing jazz centres, and the Jazzmen born in Britain, Germany, Sweden, even Japan, are making their mark on the American jazz scene.

It is another Golden Age for jazz. But this time the Golden Age is stretching all over the globe, not just over the United States.

It is not difficult to understand why. Jazz has vitality and integrity and little hide-bound tradition.

It is one of the few surviving forms of spontaneous music in a world that is crying out for spontaneity. It is colourful, not gaudy. It is uninhibited, without being chaotic. To understand it requires intelligence rather than intellect.

Small wonder that the lover of "serious" music, finding it all too serious at times, is being persuaded to increase his repertoire to include jazz.

—And the not-so-gullible pop-fan, watching the declining standards of the "pop" and sending big business at work rather than music, is turning to jazz for something more enduring.

So my guess is that the Golden Ball is going to keep on rolling for jazz, and not only rolling but snowballing all the time.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Happy Easter BY HARRY WEINERT

BOOK PAGE

THE richest man in America, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, was in 1868 an ailing satyr of 74 whose two principal interests were sex and seances. Anyone offering either was welcome at his New York mansion.

When his butler ushered in one day a pair of buxom, bright-eyed, handsome ladies who offered both, they were very very welcome.

The blustery commodore's temperature shot up, and he at once announced himself willing patient for a course of "healing contact" treatments.

The lady visitors smiled sweetly and set to with a will.

Although only mediocre mediums, Victoria Claffin Woodhull and her deliciously uninhibited sister, Tennessee, were wizards at mixing a potent brew of flesh and fantasy. Commodore Vanderbilt thrived on it.

The story of the two sisters and the millionaire must surely be one of the most fascinating ever told. It proves that no matter how hard art tries to copy life, all it turns out are pale carbon copies.

In Victoria Woodhull and her sister, American author Irving Wallace has unchartered a couple of real life McCloys who make fictional scarlet women and Scarlett O'Hara seem as virtuous as vestal virgins and as cold as yesterday's porridge. Their saga is one of the high spots in *THE SQUARE PEGS* (Hutchinson, 21s.)

Long before the Vanderbilt venture, the nation had first hit the road travelling with the chitter-chatter family of amateur-all medicine show. Victoria made an early stab at matrimony with a Dr Woodhull, but shed both him and the snake-cut when she realised that clairvoyancy offered better pickings.

Pursuing bits of ectoplasm was easy, but empty of real treasure, and Victoria always had an eye cocked for more solid masculine materialisations.

After delivering a lecture on spiritualism one night, Victoria spotted in the audience the dashing Colonel Blood.

Falling into a convenient trance, she announced to this astounded gentleman: "Your destiny is to be linked with mine in marriage."

A Civil War veteran, he was already linked in marriage, and was the father of two children. But like Victoria, he was a believer in the occult, free thinking, socialism, and advanced social theory, so he cheerfully abandoned the lot and became Victoria's lover.

Run out of town after town for blackmail, suspected pro-

stitution, and fraudulent fortune-telling, Victoria, Tennessee, and the colonel were uncannily settled in Pittsburgh when two creatures from the past joined the menage.

Dr Woodhull had come crawling back, and the ancient Greek orator, Demosthenes, dropped in often to enliven the dinner-table rapping sessions. Both were useful. Dr Woodhull looked after Victoria's two children, and Demosthenes directed the household's destiny.

When he pronounced a change of locale would do them good, the obliging Greeks added that if they moved to New York "thereafter only great and good events would befall."

Mobile as always, they packed up and went. Demosthenes didn't fall them, and following his directions they wound up in the bedroom of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

If Cornelius thrived on their treatment, the girls did not do so badly either. With Tennessee in his arms, and Victoria in his confidence, they used the Vanderbilt money and the Vanderbilt stock market know-how to set themselves up a profitable little sideline.

Falling into a convenient trance, she announced to this astounded gentleman: "Your destiny is to be linked with mine in marriage."

After a single year "on the street"—Wall Street, that is—the sisters had cleared a million dollars cool profit, and had a tidy annual income, of 50,000 dollars.

With equal fervour, she endorsed world government, occult healing, votes for women,

THE ROAD-SHOW GIRL RAN FOR PRESIDENT

... charting a vivid career that linked seances with big business



... the blustery commodore at once announced himself a willing patient

Once out of gaol, things were even bleaker. Friends—including Vanderbilt—deserted her. She was ill and her reputation never fully recovered. She was fast running out of money and looked, at 24, close to being all washed up.

If life followed the conventional morality of movies and novels, Victoria would have been finished. But life doesn't, and she wasn't.

DISCARDED

SHE lectured on free love still, and she practised free love still. Colonel Blood had been discarded. But she had not lost her interest in men. She seduced even her innocent office boy of 19.

Then she tried to seduce him off on Tennessee.

The office boy demurred: "I don't care for her," he said.

"Oh, don't say that," replied Victoria, "nobody can love me who doesn't love Tennessee." At that the office boy fled.

Virtue, as they say, is its own reward. It is pretty nearly his only reward too, as Victoria found out after a short-lasting conversion to religion. Other juicier rewards and sugar-plum goodies are the lot of the girl who shrugs a shoulder and shakes the right tree.

Shaking down Commodore Vanderbilt's heirs for 100,000 dollars, Victoria sailed off to conquer Britain. It didn't take her long.

Martins Bank in London looked to be a healthy going concern. It was John Eldredge Martin, 36, a full partner in the family bank, and he looked eligible. He was, fell for Victoria like a ton of gold bricks.

BAD MOMENTS

HIS family, alas, took a different view of the American lady. His inviolate, and threatened son John with immediate disinheritance if he married his gaolbird Jacob.

It took Victoria six bold stabs to whitewash her scurrilous background, and wear down the elder Martins. But she did, and at 45 she married her beaming banker—and moved with stately respectability into his town house in Hyde Park Gate.

When large patches of whitewash began to flake off Victoria was in for some untidy moments. But she pushed on with her usual commanding modesty, and actually successfully sued the British Museum for having committed the unpardonable libel of keeping on their shelves "scurrilous pamphlets" about her former life and good times.

Marriage with Martins Bank was extremely happy. When Mr Martin died in 1897, Victoria was truly grief-stricken, but her spirits revived when she inherited his estate and 800,000 dollars. She retired to Worcestershire and proceeded to fill the 800,000 dollars around with heavy abandon until she, too, died in 1927 at the age of 90.

And Tennessee? Still tagging after big sis, she had invaded Britain too and found an acorn-loaded English oak to shake. Taking one startled, happy look at the widowed merchant, Sir Francis Cook, and his 2,000,000 dollars, she turned respectable, married him, and never looked back.

CRIME SHELF

By PHILIP OAKES

• TROUBLE IN WEST TWO. By Kevin Fitzgerald. Helman, £1. 6d. Brilliantly unpredictable, count-and-explore thriller which should make James Bond look to his laurels. Sinister agents working behind a fence of drinking clubs and super brothels round by a lurid pair of clubland heroes. Highly recommended.

• BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING. By Evelyn Peter. Secker and Warburg, £1s. 6d. Nail-biting suspense story about a frightened young mother unable to convince anyone that her three-year-old daughter, missing from school, ever actually existed. Shocks of red, herring, and some hostile over-writing, but a real cliff-hanger for all that.

(London Express Service)

GRAND DAYS FOR COLONY FANS

Soccer Fraternity Can Look Forward To Some Very Interesting Games

By I. M. MacTAVISH

These are grand days for Colony football. First there was the good news that the Yugoslavians would definitely be playing here later this month; then came our satisfactory expedition to Macao to chalk up another success in the series of senior Interport matches.

The next item of top news was the stirring report that after weeks of speculation and doubt, Blackpool will almost certainly be seen in action in Hongkong; and finally there were the encouraging displays during the week by the various groups of our footballers who will be going to Tokyo for the Asian Games.

This all adds up to one of the best weeks we have had the pleasure of passing through in a long time and the football fraternity can look forward to some very interesting games in the near future.

While on the subject of big-time football, it is probably worth while thinking about the strange things that happen to some of our leading personalities.

Wagging Tongues

When the teams for the Interports against Macao and Singapore were first announced, both line-ups included the name of South China's brilliant Yiu Cheuk-yin, but the little Wizard of Wonderball withdrew from the selections, pleading something like the traditional "previous engagement" which is so convenient and prevalent in our social circles. There is no doubt that his decision to withdraw from the

Hongkong representative side weakened the team at Macao considerably, not only because of his own absence but because of the adverse influence it had on Mok Chun-wah.

Many Hongkong football folks spent their Easter week-end at Macao and were surprised to see Yiu Cheuk-yin looking very fit as he too enjoyed a holiday in the Portuguese Colony. Was it surprising therefore that they were asking why he was not playing football for fun?

Such sets of circumstances give rise to much loose speculation and while everyone will acknowledge the right of an amateur footballer to pursue himself as to where and when he plays, it is quite impossible to keep the rumour-mongers silent or the wagging tongues still. I heard several strange stories of the "real" reason why he was not playing football for fun? which will serve up.

News Of The Day

The news of the day, of course, is that after all these weeks of uncertainty Blackpool and Stanley Matthews will, after all, be seen in action in the Colony. This is, I believe, the greatest single thing that could happen to our footballing community at this time and I feel certain that our fans will be more than satisfied with the fare which the famous Tangerines will serve up.

They will have the opportunity of seeing a team which is part of the highly commercialised British football system, in which competition is bitter and intense EVERY WEEK and in EVERY GAME.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

12TH RACE MEETING

Saturday 19th and Saturday 26th April, 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1:30 p.m. and the First Race

at 2:00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office, at Alexandra House will close at 11:45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 28211).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets, at \$40.00 each for both days and \$20.00 for each day may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices of Queen's Building, (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguilar Street during normal office hours and until 11:00 a.m. on the 1st day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting. If it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 18th April, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over \$3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reconnection of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription "to the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action."

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 10th May, 1958, at \$2,00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at—

Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday, 12th April 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Saturday, 19th and Saturday, 26th April 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon

Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday, 12th April 9 a.m. to 11:45 a.m.

Saturday, 19th and Saturday, 26th April 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Bookmakers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NO REFUND CAN BE MADE ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON, TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tic Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

WORLD CHAMPION ON SHOW IN BRITAIN



Floyd Patterson, the World Heavyweight Champion, boxed an exhibition bout at Empress Hall on March 25, showing his prowess to British fans for the first time. Picture shows: Floyd in action on Dusty Rhodes, his sparring partner.—Central Press Photo.

SPORTS ROUNDABOUT

WEST BROMWICH ALBION'S RONNIE ALLEN IS HAVING A RAW DEAL

Says W. CAPEL KIRBY

What have England's selectors got against Ronnie Allen? Has the popular West Bromwich Albion live-wire offended them at some time or another by speaking out of turn?

Does he kick against discipline and refuse to adapt his game to a set plan?

Is he anti-social—difficult to get along with?

These and other pertinent questions are being asked by fans all over the country. I am not surprised. Allen is having a raw deal.

In a heart-to-heart chat with Allen at Portsmouth last evening, I asked him point-blank whether he had ever said anything out of place, or done anything to warrant the selectors' displeasure.

So Unselfish

"Never," he replied. "As I see it the only thing is that my game does not fit in with their requirements. It seems they don't want a leader so much as a power-point unit nowadays."

"I've got no quarrel with that except that it's likely to discourage centre-forward potential striving to play football."

"I wish Derek the best of luck, but it's one thing running face on to the through pass, and quite another matter to get involved in the full or half-half ball," said Allen without a sign of bitterness.

I have seen him do better than that. At Stamford Bridge I saw him place a ball more than a yard past the centre of the goal, and Cheltenham's pitch is 71½ yards wide. Secret! "I practice with a tennis ball," says Langley.

Langley, Fullham's left back, who looks like collecting passport visas for England's Czechoslovakia, Russia and Sweden assignments.

Modest Jim has not measured his throw lately, but tells me that when he was at Brighton he registered one of 33 yards.

I have seen him do better than that. At Stamford Bridge I saw him place a ball more than a yard past the centre of the goal, and Cheltenham's pitch is 71½ yards wide. Secret! "I practice with a tennis ball," says Langley.

Peter's Record

Think of all the free-scoring wingers there, have been—Eric Brook, Joe Bulman, Sammy Crooks, Cliff Bastin, Billy Liddell.

Now guess who holds the goal-scoring record. It's old Langley, Fullham's left back, who looks like collecting passport visas for England's Czechoslovakia, Russia and Sweden assignments.

George Raynor, who manages Sweden's national team, puts England in with a good World Cup chance. The little Yorkshireman writes: "My last four are Brazil, England, Russia and Sweden, but not necessarily in that order."

Malcolm White, his third choice, is a goalkeeper, has been watched and noted for future reference by West Bromwich Albion. He is 16½.

Matt Talks

I've just returned from Munich. I went because I wanted to see for myself how my good friends Matt Busby, Johnny Berry, and Frank Taylor were getting on.

These are the three Manchester United air crash survivors still being treated in the magnificent Rechts der Isar Hospital.

And I can report that, in a matter of weeks, all the crash survivors should be home again. I've seen Matt. I've talked to him. But I have no intention of quoting him. Matt is seeing friends only."

He is still weak and Professor Maurer, whose healing hands probing, his general measure value and soul-poaching, in his underrated career there is to be a Matthews performance for our local fans. I believe they eventually announces his retirement.

Provided he escapes injury in Australia, I am certain Stanley Matthews, the original "Wizard of Dribble" will delight the fans.

Supreme Artist

He is the supreme artist—England's greatest gentleman and football's greatest gentleman. My respects to Her Majesty The Queen. Many and most confidently believe that further and higher honours will come his way when he eventually announces his retirement.

I can hardly wait to see him play again. My old collections of previous opportunities to watch him were his particular brand of soccer magic are among my finest football memories. I am delighted that even in the evening of his wonderful career there is to be a Matthews performance for our local fans. I believe they eventually announces his retirement.

Another goal-scoring record holder is Ted Harper's 36 for Spurs away back in 1930-31. Centre-forward Bobby Robson needs nine more to do the trick.

Another I am biased. In his wallet, Allen has for many years carried or cutting from the Empire News which tipped him for International honours. I wrote to him 12 years ago when Ronnie was playing the very devil with rival defenders at outside right for Port Vale. He was then 15.

Another I am biased. In his wallet, Allen has for many years carried or cutting from the Empire News which tipped him for International honours. I wrote to him 12 years ago when Ronnie was playing the very devil with rival defenders at outside right for Port Vale. He was then 15.

Another I am biased. In his wallet, Allen has for many years carried or cutting from the Empire News which tipped him for International honours. I wrote to him 12 years ago when Ronnie was playing the very devil with rival defenders at outside right for Port Vale. He was then 15.

Another I am biased. In his wallet, Allen has for many years carried or cutting from the Empire News which tipped him for International honours. I wrote to him 12 years ago when Ronnie was playing the very devil with rival defenders at outside right for Port Vale. He was then 15.

Another I am biased. In his wallet, Allen has for many years carried or cutting from the Empire News which tipped him for International honours. I wrote to him 12 years ago when Ronnie was playing the very devil with rival defenders at outside right for Port Vale. He was then 15.

SPORTS QUIZ

- The attention of the sports world has recently been focused on Mr. W. Smith. How is he better known?
- Which golfer is this year trying to win for the fifth time a) the American Open title and b) the British Open?
- When did England last lose a cricket Test series?
- Who is the odds man out of Panchito Gonzales, Lew Hoad, Frank Sedgman and Tony Trabert?
- WAGTC are the initials of which new world tournament?
- Which famous annual event finishes at a brewery?
- Who is the new British Empire Middleweight Boxing Champion?
- With which sports do you associate a) Gillian Sheen b) Herb Elliott c) Hashim Khan?



London Express Service

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

BILL JENNINGS

By Archie Quick

Whenever soccer is talked, mention is made sooner or later of the great wing triangles that the game has produced. The Cugay-Madue and Buchan combination immediately springs to mind. And so does the Ward-Smith and Jennings triangle. The first trio were in Sunderland's "Team of All the Thirteen." The other three, with Bolton Wanderers when the Burnden Park club was making Cup history in the early days of Wembley.

The Wanderers are back at Wembley again this year, but Bill Jennings, the brains behind the Vizard-Smith machine, is in quiet retirement at Penrith. His last days in football were as Secretary-Manager of Cardiff City immediately before the last war when the Ninian Park club was at its lowest ebb.

When he took the job in 1937, City had a debt of £12,000, and their grandstand, dressing room and football kit had all been destroyed by fire. By shrewd buying Bill got the club on its feet and by the end of the year it made £26,000, still the biggest in its history.

Jennings won eleven Welsh Internationals, "capped" against the other Home countries, and got two Cup winners' medals at Wembley. Now, Bolton are in the Final again, and Bill says: "There is nothing brilliant about the present side, apart from Nat Lofthouse, but they play as a team and are very keen. Give 'em eleven good players instead of a team of individual stars any time."

The Local Club

A native of Barry, he played as a Schoolboy International for Wales, and also rugby for the local club. He would have got many more than eleven caps, but in the early 'twenties English League sides like Bolton were reluctant to release their men to poor relations like Wales. After leaving Cardiff, he joined the City Treasurer's Department at County Hall, had two sons, one of whom won the MC in Germany just before the end of the war.

Bill's greatest memory, of course, is the original Wembley Final between Bolton and West Ham when it was estimated that a quarter of a million people got into the mighty stadium. "I never thought the referee would get it finished," he says. "It was a great strain, having to face a forty-five-minutes delay at the start, and then having the crowd right on top of you on the touchlines."

Where are his old pals? Joe Smith is shortly leaving as manager of Blackpool, and Ted Vizard has a hotel just outside Wolverhampton.

PENALTY KINGS

Softball Review

A Most Successful Playing Season In Men's Senior League

By "TIME OUT"

In the land where the American game of softball originated, the huddling over a "hot stove" after the playing season is over has become accepted as a traditional practice. At the height of these post-mortems the what-might-have-been of the game is recalled with some nostalgia. Alas! The word "IF" suddenly becomes the most meaningful in any dictionary.

This very same word crops up in Hongkong whenever local softballers and partisan fans bump into each other. The only difference between the King's Park fraternity and those in the USA is the absence of a hot stove—but make no mistake about it.

Arguments do and will continue to rage in the long summer months ahead until the cry of "Play Ball" is heard once again in late September of 1958. And how does your humble scribe feel about the overall picture of the recently concluded softball season? Well, it is of course your privilege to disagree with my views since no two persons look at anything in the same light. Anyhow, I hope my reflections on, first and foremost the Men's Senior League, will provide you with some food for thought.

The burning question as the Senior League got under way was whether or not the perennial champions, Saint Joseph's, would add another championship to the five already registered by them in the past years.

Partly Answered

That question was partly answered—when the defending champs survived unscathed through the first round of their League fixtures. It soon became apparent that it would be a two-way race for the Commissioner's Trophy, between Blimbi Ablong's Saints and Al Oliveira's Warriors—with the other five teams casting minor headaches along the way.

The Saints ran their string of victories to 10 straight until the Warriors downed them in one of the best softball games seen in many a year. This Joys acquired the services of the 1956/57 Batting King, L. C. Poon, in the outfield and Poon more than proved his worth with some sparkling displays. There were no "stars" in the champions' line-up. The only weak spot in the defence was P. C. Wong who failed miserably at shortstop but who more than made up for it by being 4th in the batting averages.

When the going got rough Ablong promptly recalled veteran Al Orazio. This was just the tonic needed for a revival of fortunes and bolstered by the years of playing experience plus the steadiness added by old-timers Sherry Bucks, Dave Leonard and Bonny Omar, the Saints made it half-a-dozen championships when, with the odds against them, they triumphed over the Warriors in the play-off game for the Senior League title. Well done, Saints. The secret of their success can be summed up in one word—"Experience"—a commodity they have plenty of.

Shock Defeat

The Warriors started the season as favourites. Never in their history did they have such a power-packed squad and it is unbelievable even now that the Pindas beat them 4-1 to ruin the tribe's chances for

the Pindas that seems to be forever fluttering just beyond their reach. After their shock defeat at the hands of Jackie Wei & Co., the tribe played their ball behind the starting pitching of "Goose" Wong.

They had everything—power at the plate, base stealers in

plenty and a defense second to none, even though shortstop Stephen Xavier had to bow out

of the game through an unfortunate injury.

For the first time in local softball history one team, the Warriors, supplied the top three in the final batting averages. They had the misfortune to lose the championship game against the Saints through poor base running. Hard luck, you Warriors! But don't give up. The Saints are not that good to stay on top all the time.

The season's most disappointing club was the Pandas. The Shanghailanders started off brilliantly by beating both Warriors and the Dodgers, but lost to the Saints. After this, pitching ace Jackie Wei did an about-face and the Pandas started slipping. Other than the shock victory over the Warriors, the Pandas had nothing to boast about and their game against the "Dodgers" will go down in softball history as one of the roughest ever witnessed here. They will be remembered for this if for nothing else.

Surprise Package

The surprise package was the US Navy. They ended up third in the League. They were in the Orea, Lenape, Waburn and Floyd's Bay. At dark hours they certainly made their presence felt as the Dodgers will readily testify. They were never a team in name only and their standard was more suitable for the minor division. They must be happy over the fact that there is no relegation system in softball.

Most Successful

All in all, a most successful playing season. A total of 42 games was scheduled with 34 actually being played off.

These included five extra-inning games, four shutouts and only three that failed to go the full distance. There is no doubt that the batters are now more careful in swinging for the home run as the entire season wasn't a single no-hitter recorded during the entire season.

The Pandas, in their first season of Senior ball, also disappointed. Their manager, Fred Diles Sr. signed up some ex-Braves in Calau-Yvanovich and Tony Gutierrez and also two ex-Blackhawks, Vic Fuentes and "Gato" Remedios. The team was indeed a strange lot. They could rise to the heights or they could fall to the depths, skin to bone, that by certain Ladies' sides. Towards the end of the season they lost interest and in the final game against the Warriors they played hokey—not a very commendable gesture, it must be admitted. Their "stars" failed to turn up regularly and that perhaps sums up the situation

in the new venture to the moment be only a matter of conjecture. Opposition will be instinctive in some quarters—“Oh heaven, not another”—and may be labelled unduly conservative and unventuresome.

On this side it can be said that the whole point in golf, unique among games lies in the

amateurism of people getting out in the fresh air and playing it,

not in a few young men flying all over the world, at other people's expense to play in amateur internationals.

There is indeed a practical point here. Their expenses may be paid, and quite legitimately of course, but how many young amateurs can truly afford the time? A man in the first four in the British Isles must play in

YET ANOTHER GOLF TOURNAMENT

World Amateur Team Championship

By HENRY LONGHURST

London. The decision to create a "World Amateur Team Championship," sponsored jointly by the United States Golf Association and the Royal and Ancient—inspired, I think it is fair to say, by the former and supported by the latter—appears at first sight to have been accorded a mixed reception in this country.

Such opinions as I have been able to canvass range from a distinctly lukewarm reaction to yet another international tournament at one extreme to "our old friend filling a long-felt want," at the other.

Perhaps I may first refresh your memory, and my own, upon the details, which were sprung upon us out of the blue the other week. The idea emanated from America, largely in the person of John D. Ames, the recently elected President of the USGA, and representatives of 42 nations have been invited to the Chevy Chase Club in Maryland, at US expense, to discuss it on May 2 and 3. A trophy, destined inevitably to be named after the donor whether he wished it or not, has been offered to the USGA and they say they will accept it.

Four Amateurs

The Chinese Athletic Association boasted of no outstanding performers but their standard of play opened the eyes of quite a few. They had wily pitcher Kwee Nezzeri who personally accounted for the Pandas in 8 hard-fought innings and who nearly did the same for the UK. There was no suitable replacement and the Athletes' spark soon died out. A great pity indeed as they have the makings of a great side. Newly-acquired Junior Leaguers 3rd baseman C.K. Wu and 1st baseman Henry Lee showed lots of promise. All they need is a little seasoning to shape up into a pair of top-notchers.

Lastly our wooden spoonists, South China. They impressed against the Pandas but the lack of a suitable pitcher sent them down the drain. Even with three SCM Post players, Khan, Ramjahn and Carl Mynti, and later some Junior Leaguers they failed to muster a team four times. They simply couldn't break into the win column until the Dodgers generously gave them a walk-over which was gratefully accepted. They were a team in name only and their standard was more suitable for the minor division. They must be happy over the fact that there is no relegation system in softball.

Dates will be calculated so as not to interfere with the Walker Cup match, the Commonwealth tournament, or the triangular matches between the United States, Canada, and Mexico. The first "World Cup," if one may so call it, will be played for at St. Andrews in October. The home country pays the cost of running it and is entitled to keep all the receipts. Other countries of their team, together with their living expenses and caddies. Unlike the Canada Cup, where they count as four, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales will count as one and, in deference to the Republic of Eire, will be styled The British Isles instead of Great Britain.

New Venture

Reaction in this country to the new venture can at the moment be only a matter of conjecture. Opposition will be instinctive in some quarters—“Oh heaven, not another”—and may be labelled unduly conservative and unventuresome.

On this side it can be said that the whole point in golf, unique among games lies in the

amateurism of people getting out in the fresh air and playing it,

not in a few young men flying all over the world, at other people's expense to play in amateur internationals.

There is indeed a practical point here. Their expenses may be paid, and quite legitimately of course, but how many young amateurs can truly afford the time?

A man in the first four in the British Isles must play in

BROADBENT SCORES FOR WOLVES



Wolverhampton Wanderers' inside-right Broadbent (second from left) cracks the ball past Arsenal goalkeeper Kelsey and left back Wills, (No. 3) to score his team's first goal in the First Division match at Highbury on Easter Monday. Wolves won 2-0. Reuterphoto.

Answers To Sports Quiz

- Sugar Ray Robinson.
- a) Ben Hogan b) Bobby Locke.
- 1950—against the West Indies.
- Pancho Gonzales—all the others have won the Wimbledon Men's Singles title.
- World Amateur Golf Team Championship.
- The Oxford-Cambridge University Boat Race which finishes at Mortlake Bridge.
- Dick Tiger.
- a) Fencing b) athletics c) squash.
- Sunderland.
- Harold Larwood.
- Swimming.
- Four.
- Herbert Strudwick, England and Surrey, (1,493 dismissals).
- Stirling Moss in a Vanwall.
- a) Chilean, b) American, c) Australian.
- Oxford 26 times to Cambridge 29.
- a) Ice-skating, b) Cycling.
- Alice Bedson.
- Ray Ewry. *10; Bravo Nurmi (8); Jesse Owens and Emil Zatopek (four each).
- Real Madrid. They beat Fiorentina.
- Frank Sedgman of Australia (1951-2).
- John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain. Referee stopped fight in 75th round.
- a) Rugby b) Soccer c) Baseball.
- Ted Dexter.
- a) 32, b) 24.
- 1928 at Lords.
- Peter May.

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail. My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into account his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is:

(Signed)

tempair ltd

A ROUTES COMPANY

BRITISH AIR CONDITIONING

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:
HARRY WICKING & CO., LTD.
PRINCE'S BLDG., TEL. 37076
HONG KONG

1957 GILES ANNUAL

BUY NOW! stock is limited. \$5.

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST LTD., HONG KONG & KOWLOON

THE GAMBOLES . . .



By Barry Appleton



RADO SWISS MADE



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Story Of Salvatore Skunk

THE hunter fired a shot you, pardon the expression, Salvatore you smell."

"Not at the time," objected Salvatore. "I only turn on that scent when I'm scared."

"I have an idea," said Finley.

He slipped through the cottage window and came out with the bottle of black shoe polish. He painted the white stripe that ran down the skunk's back.

"Now you are a cat," he said.

"Like that old lazy cat that lived in the little cottage," said Rodney Rabbit. "I'd see him snoozing in front of the fire. The little boy and his grandma took good care of that cat."

A few days later the animals peered into the cottage window. The little boy was polishing his shoes while the grandma stirred something on the stove. They were very sad, discussing the loss of their cat, since old age had finally taken him.

"I'd like to move in," said Salvatore. "I'm not so very different from a cat. My white stripe is all that's different!"

"Ho ho," giggled Finley. "That's not the only thing. It's

the next day, when young Bobby was sailing his boat in the pond, Salvatore inched closer to him. Bobby stopped down and patted him. Then he picked Salvatore up and ran into the cottage.

"Grandma! Grandma! May I please keep this kitty? I'm sure he doesn't belong to anyone."

Grandma peered over her glasses. "I suppose so," she said. "That is, if he behaves."

Salvatore was very happy, living in the cottage. He slept in front of the fire and was patted by Bobby and fed by Grandma.

One grandma said, "Funny

thing about that cat. He never

looking ladies and a mean boy. Salvatore sneaked out and ran through the fields.

It began to rain and soon it came down in great slashes. Salvatore went back home and slipped into the warm dry room.

"Someone screamed!"

The two ladies jumped up on chairs and the mean looking boy grabbed a mop.

"A skunk!" cried the boy.

Salvatore's heart sank. The rain had washed off the shoe polish and his white stripe showed.



Finley slipped through the cottage window and came out with a bottle of black shoe polish.

"Stop!" cried Bobby. "Grandma, it's a Pussy. We didn't notice his stripe."

All went well until one night visitors arrived — two fussy

—By FERN SIMMS

AMERICA'S RICH INDIAN HERITAGE

If you were to play a game called "Look for the Indian," it would prove very interesting, as well as easy, as far as history is concerned.



Because, regardless of ancestry, Americans are surrounded by articles of clothing, foods and medicines of Indian origin. And there are a countless number of American cities, towns, rivers, lakes and mountains bearing Indian names.

To name a few things to eat which are of Indian origin we have potatoes, corn, beans (kidney, string and lima), tomatoes, sweet potatoes, chocolate, plac-

apples, hominy, maple sugar, and numerous other delicacies.

Along the clothing line we can give them credit for introducing moccasins, snowshoes, and the mackinaw, a heavy jacket usually worn by lumberjacks. The original "mackinaw" was a heavy blanket of fine quality, usually of a variety of bright colours.

In many cases the spelling or pronunciation of the original Indian words has changed, as potato, which the Indians pronounced something like "batata" in the original. This may be because the people earliest in contact with the Indians found some Indian words hard to pronounce. For this reason "potato" was changed to tomato, "coyotl" became coyote,

The residents thereabouts wisely call it Lake Chautauqua.

—By R. S. CRAGGS

There are hundreds more names have beautiful meanings as well. Thus we take this fact for granted, the Indian place names impress visitors as being extremely pleasant.

Just don't ask me to pronounce the name of a lake in Massachusetts, a name perhaps longer than the lake itself. Named by warring Indian tribes it means, "You fish on your side, I'll fish on mine, nobody fish in the middle." It is spelled: Chargoggegoggmanchaugagogo-chubunungunnaug.

To choose a few of the more widely used sounding names of lakes, cities, rivers, and so on,

SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT CANADA

SOME of us think of Canada only as the deep freeze where cold weather comes from.

Here are some questions concerning Canada that may stump you.

1. How many provinces and territories is Canada divided into? Name them.

2. Who is Canada's ruler, (Governor-General)?

3. Which is larger in area—the United States or Canada?

4. Americans observe July 4 as the nation's birthday? What is Canada's?

5. What is the only park in the world which is situated between two countries and not divided by a boundary line?

6. This city, founded in 1803 by Samuel de Champlain, was a thriving community when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

7. Is Canada's largest city its capital?

8. What is the highest mountain in Canada?

9. Nine-tenths of the people of what city are of French descent?

10. What is its top ranking industry?

ANSWERS.

1. Canada has 10 provinces and 2 territories namely: Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia, Newfoundland, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Northwest Territories, Yukon Territory.

2. The Right Honourable Vincent Massey.

3. Canada is larger — area 3,663,863 sq. mi.; area U.S. 3,024,871 sq. mi.

4. Dominion Day is July 1.

5. International Peace Park.

6. Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

7. No—Ottawa is the capital; Montréal is the largest city.

8. Mount Hooker—16,760 feet.

9. Québec.

10. Pulp and paper production ranks first in gross and net value of products and in wage and salary distribution and is second only to sawmills in employment.

THE MILK WAGON HORSE

He Came From A Very Important Family—

By MAX TRELL

"Of course," the Milk Wagon Horse was saying to Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-Around Name. "I'm not very important. All I do is pull this old milk wagon."

Knarf, who was sitting on the curb in front of the Milk Wagon Horse, said: "You are important. If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't get our milk in the morning."

Important Family

"I suppose that's right in a way," said the Milk Wagon Horse. "I'm glad to do my bit in getting people their milk. But I come from a very important family."

"Do you?" said Knarf. "What do you mean by that?"

The Milk Wagon Horse looked around to see if his master, the Milk Man, was getting along. He caught sight of the Milk Man setting some bottles of milk in front of the doorstep at the end of the street.

"They're all automobile fire trucks," he said.

"That's right," the Milk Wagon Horse agreed. "Cousin Grey Star doesn't pull fire engines any more. But then there was Uncle Dapple. He used to ride in parades."

"Was he a soldier?" asked Knarf.

"Uncle Dapple wasn't a soldier," said the Milk Wagon Horse. "But he belonged to the army just the same. The General rode on his back. Uncle Dapple went to the wars, too. He was a very brave hero of a horse."

"What's he?" asked Knarf.

"Cousin Grey Star," said the Milk Wagon Horse. "She's a Cow Horse," added the Milk Wagon Horse. "She carried the cowboys all over the ranch. They never could have done any work without her."

"And then there was my Cousin Whittington. He lived in England. The Queen rode on his back. When he trotted down the path, everyone turned around to look at him—or perhaps to look at the Queen. Cousin Whittington was a very proud and noble horse."

Rupert and the Silent Land—5

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

© 1952 MAX TRELL

JOHN HASTIE & CO., LTD.

SHIPS STEERING GEAR

ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT COMPANY
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27789

CHINA MAIL

Established 1903

Page 20

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1958.

SHEAFFER'S

ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

Britain's Municipal Elections SOCIALISTS' NET GAIN RISES

Moderate Swing To Left Claims 49 Seats

By FRASER WIGHTON

London, Apr. 11. The Labour Party tonight claimed a net gain of 49 seats so far in the opening phase of Britain's month-long municipal elections.

Favourite For Epsom Oaks Wins In Paris

Paris, Apr. 11. Bella Paola, favourite for the Newmarket 1,000 guineas and Epsom Oaks, scored a comfortable win at Maisons Laffitte today on her first outing of the season.

She accelerated smoothly in the final furlong to win the Prix Imprudence, for three-year-old fillies, run over a mile.

Trainer Francois Mathei, confirmed after the race that she would run in the 1,000 guineas on May 2. She will be ridden by Serge Boulinger, who had the mount today.

PIPPING

Bella Paola, 2 to 1 favourite, won from two other fillies who held the 1,000 guineas and Oaks engagements. M. Marcel Bousac's Pharstella was second two lengths behind "slipping" M. Alec Welsweller's Danoise for the runner-up position by a short head.

Bella Paola (Ticino-Rheia II) paid 15 francs for a ten-franc win stake on the pari-mutuel. Place dividends were 11, 15 and 18 francs.

There were eight runners for the 500,000 francs (£417) race.

French entries for the Colts' Classics in England dominated the Prix D'Orfeuil, run over a mile at the same meeting.

EPSOM DERBY

Winner was M. Eugene Constant Pantoufard, a candidate for the Epsom Derby and Doncaster St. Leger. Ridden by Roger Poineclic, Pantoufard made all the running to win by three lengths from Val D'Olans, who is entered for the 2,000 guineas.

Trainer John Cunningham said afterwards that a decision as to whether Val D'Olans would be sent to Newmarket for the race had not yet been made.

Another Derby entry, Yelidz, finished third, four lengths away in a field of nine. Favourite was Bel Amant, also entered for the Derby. —Reuter.

Aswan Dam Conference Ends In UK

London, Apr. 11. A technical conference has just ended in London in connection with the Aswan high dam, it was announced today by representatives of the Egyptian Sadd-el-Aali Authority.

Three representatives of the authority attended with United States, French and German members of the international panel of advisers to the authority, and representatives of Sir Alexander Gibb, and partners, British consulting engineers.

Discussions covered various aspects of the dam's design.

After leaving London, the members of the Authority are visiting the International Exhibition at Brussels where a model of the dam will be on show. —Reuter.

Printed and published by PETER PLUMLEY for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria in the Colony of Hongkong.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Why are you so excited about human life on the moon, George? There's plenty to learn about people right here on earth!"

FULL-SCALE MODEL OF POLARIS FIRED UNDER THE SEA

By CHARLES W. CORRDY

Washington, Apr. 11. The Navy disclosed today that it has successfully fired a full-scale model of its Polaris ballistic missile from a "pop up" launcher below the ocean surface off California.

Rear-Adm. W. F. Raborn, Director of the Polaris Program, said the launching took place on March 23. He called it a "distinct milestone" in development of the missile.

The Admiral said the Navy expects "in the not too distant future" to test its Polaris from the deck of the Observation Island, a modified merchant ship. —United Press.

Raborn also said at a news conference that the Atomic Energy Commission has developed a hydrogen warhead for the Polaris equal in power to a million tons of TNT. He called this a major breakthrough by the AEC.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

Labour spokesmen were unable to say tonight how the co-operative would use his "balance of power" position on the new council.

On complete results for yesterday's polling, they claimed a total gain of 57 seats for a loss of eight—not gain 49 seats.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for one loss, making the new council 36 Labour, 36 Conservatives and one Independent—who until recently belonged to the Labour Party.

It was later learned that the Labour Party narrowly failed in its bid for control of Staffordshire. Final figures gave the party eight gains for